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TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE.



# OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the questions that have puzzled the philosophers, two, at least, have never been cleared up. One is, "What becomes of our waiters? Where do they go to when they grow old?" Perhaps (since "everything comes to him who waits") somebody comes and fetches them, but whither? Nobody has ever seen a really old waiter. Some of them, of course, go into business on their own account, and die prosperous restaurant proprietors, or in the workhouse; but they are waiters no longer. Perhaps they become Mahatmas and wait on Providence. The other question is "What becomes of our dead donkeys?" and this at least, has been answered. It is stated, since they are useless to the knackers, that they are invariably taken to the Veterinary College for the purposes of dissection. This is why they are never visible after their decease, and count so high in "travelling picquet." In that old-world amusement a flock of sheep scored ten, a cat looking out of window fifty, and a dead donkey a hundred, which was "game" at once. It is true that lions were not often met with on a coach journey, but even when they were, a dead donkey counted for more than a live lion.

It is all very well for a certain nation to talk of "their bleeding country" and to affirm that all mankind delights to jeer at them, but the poor novelists have much more cause to complain. Whenever a young person gets into trouble, the magistrate sets it down to the effects of "imaginative literature." The probability is that the little beggar never read a line of anything except the Police Gazette or the "Lives of Highwaymen and Robbers"; but fiction bears the blame of his delinquency. ridiculous notion has now spread to the United States, where the father of two notorious outlaws who have been robbing banks has ascribed it all to novel-reading. It was not that they refused to go to school, and smoked cigarettes and drank American drinks instead of working; nor because they were never whipped (lest it should "brutalise" them) but simply because they would read novels.

"What is this? His eyes are pinky, was't the sherry?"
"Oh! no. no.
Bless your soul, it was the salmon; salmon always makes him so."

A journal not generally pessimistic has recently expressed its regret that "the good old custom of drinking wine after dinner is going out." These are surely "idle tears." To many persons, at all events, the arrival of that magnum of claret when they have already eaten and drunk to repletion is as melancholy a spectacle as that of the water-bottle upon the table of the teetotal lecturer: they feel they are in for "an hour of it" at the very least. And what an "it" it is! It is ten to one that the history of that magnum is first narrated: like other histories, it is in several volumes, and contains a great deal of fiction. This is generally followed by a discussion on the vintages, a subject which is understood by about twenty persons on the continent of Europe and, say, five in England. The thesis usually maintained is that there is at present no good claret to be got in the country, save a few dozens that are in the speaker's cellar, obtained under exceptional circumstances which will never occur again. It is but just to admit that this conversation is carried on with much gravity and fairness, and, though everyone is aware that his neighbour is romancing ("Gets his claret from the public-house" is his private commentary), they listen with apparent credulity, and receive the same courtesy from their companions. It is only now and then, when a host is so injudicious as to leave his friends to guess at the vintage of his claret, that any unpleasantness arises. As in the case of prophecy, everyone feels that to venture on an assertion upon this point, unless they know, is fraught with peril, and resents being placed in such a ticklish position. And all this while the unfortunate guest, who feels no more inclination to drink after dinner than to eat, and who, though he may know as little about the vintages as the others, cares less, has to listen to them with alien ears and yearn in vain for coffee and cigar. When he does get into the smokingroom, he can always be recognised by a certain air of enfranchisement, such as Baron Trenck might have worn on his escape from Spandau.

It is strange indeed if, as the biographer of Tennyson informs us, his muse was stricken barren for ten years in consequence of a very foolish but offensive review. That such a mind could have been influenced by such a cause appears incredible, though it is understood that the poet was very sensitive to criticism, and seems never afterwards to have read any review of his works unless it was warranted "sound." But this was very like shutting the door after the steed was stolen. Tennyson's case is not, indeed, peculiar. Racine used to say that ten eulogies of his books could never undo the harm that one attack inflicted on him. Pope would "writhe with anguish" on his chair when he read anything disagreeable about his poems, though he might know and despise his adversary. Ritson died mad in consequence of adverse criticism, and on his deathbed thought himself haunted by reviewers with daggers in their hands instead of paper-knives. All these gentlemen could have avoided their troubles by the simple

expedient of not reading the compositions in question, and surely if the moth knew that the flame would frizzle him he would be shy of it. Savage Landor, who was a fighting man, offered to "stand" the critic who found fault with his "Imaginary Conversations" a gallon of stout if he could write as good a one as any one of them. This, however, was rather unfair, for, as Disraeli the elder well observes, "the talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution." On the other hand, the talent for writing disagreeable remarks is a very common one, and that of judicious culogy exceedingly rare: the former requires only a little impudence, but the latter a great deal of courage, especially in the recognition of a new writer. No critic ever gave himself away (to the eternal delight of his natural enemies) so completely as the great Bentley, who not only criticised Milton, but, by "his own sagacity and happy conjecture" (the writer's very words), collated and emended him. "No light, but rather darkness visible," says the poet; "No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom," is the emendation of the learned doctor, and so on.

On anyone new to the administration of justice, such, for example, as a young juryman, protestations of innocence, combined as they generally are with an appeal to the Creator, must always have a certain effect. It is no proof, of course, but it seems to tend that way; when the attention of Providence itself is thus solemnly invoked, it is difficult to withstand the assertions of a fellow-creature. Yet in nine cases out of ten the prisoner is lying; he probably belongs to a class among whom the only idea of a Providence is something to swear by, and to swear falsely. An example of this occurred the other day in connection with so slight a matter that the advice "Nec Deus intersit" seemed peculiarly applicable, and yet it was disregarded. A prisoner was charged with stealing a macintosh, which he vehemently denied, and, understanding that a principal witness was not to appear, ascribed it to "his conscience smiting him" for having accused an innocent man. When he did appear, the prisoner "raised his hand above his head" and denounced him to high Heaven for endeavouring to put a stain upon a blameless life. Upon several previous convictions, however, being proved against him, he observed, in an altered tone, that, since the gentleman had seen him take the coat, "he supposed he must up with it," and that to plead guilty "would save a lot of trouble."

It seems to me that our would-be, or might-be, Laureates are being very badly treated. One can imagine that if one of them had got the post there would be a general outburst of indignation, not only from the others, of course, but from that very large number of persons who assume the incompetency of everybody on whom a post is conferred. But to take these unfortunate poets one by one, as is now being done by certain journals, while they are still private persons, and to say "This one must not have it," or "That one must not have it," or "The Queen will surely never be so ill-advised as to give it to the other,' appears, to say the least of it, very indecent. It has certainly entailed a great public loss by preventing at least one meritorious but modest bard (who shall be nameless) from putting in his claim at all. Poets are supposed to be especially sensitive, whereas lawyers have an opposite character, yet what would be thought of similar criticisms upon eminent counsel when a judgeship is vacant? "Surely Mr. A is not a man for the Bench?" "The Government must be mad that selects Mr. B for such a position." "Who, outside the Old Bailey, has ever so much as heard of Mr. C?" Even the divines, when a bishopric has to be given away, would scarcely like their claims to be discussed in a similar spirit. "Dr. D" is well enough as a parish priest, but his intelligence is not extra-parochial"; or "Mr. E preaches good enough sermons, but he can scarcely call them his own sermons." Finally, suppose these critics of the learned professions summed up by saying, "Considering the dearth of talent at present both at the Bar and in the Church, it will be far better to have no more judges and no more bishops." What should we say then?

As for the number of possible Laureates, comparatively unknown, and therefore preserved from these unjustifiable attacks, one can only make a guess at it; but from the testimony of magazine and newspaper editors who have received threnodies on Tennyson there cannot be less than twenty thousand. One has heard of singers "choiring," but many of these writers may be said to quire, they are so very voluminous. It is curious, by-the-bye, to compare the death-song of our own great poet with that of his contemporary Whittier—also a gem in its way, and very illustrative of the pure and patient Quaker spirit—

I would not, if I could, repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep in age, as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with Time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see—
That God sufficeth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray

That hope may lose itself in truth, And age in Heaven's immortal youth, And all our loves and longing prove The foretaste of diviner love.

How differently both these poets regarded the future from that restless and dissatisfied view of it which pervades our modern bards; and at the same time how free from the shameful terrors with which bigotry has invested it!

No reverent mind would wish to say anything disrespectful of the weather even in Scotland. If it is bad there, it is probably the result of heredity, for Scotch weather has been always bad, and it is, perhaps, as good as it can be. The boast the natives are said to indulge in (and they are boastful), that they have fewer eclipses of the sun than elsewhere, is illogical, for they have fewer suns; but, on the other hand, it is graceful and forgiving of them to speak so well of their atmospheric surroundings as they are in the habit of doing. They call a wet day "moist," and a snowstorm "verra seasonable," and when we have found it cold in the Metropolis exhibit a mild surprise, and protest that it has been delightful in Mull. Under these circumstances, one would have hoped that Scotch weather would have been touched, or at least avoided irony; yet we read that in the north of Scotland, where only a "luminous circle" has faintly indicated the god of day, there have been "mock suns." I have not the audacity attributed by Mr. Andrew Lang to the author of "Tess," but I must say that the cynical behaviour of the clerk of the weather for Scotland suggests malignity. It may be his fun, but it is certainly not dry humour.

A bishop states it as his opinion that "curates ought not to grumble at their small incomes"; when they do get into pecuniary difficulties "it is generally their own fault or the fault of some attractive young woman," since, when they have to keep more than themselves, "a curacy is a very insufficient provision indeed." If his lordship is in favour of the celibacy of the clergy, it would be more straightforward to say so; for, if a "perpetual curate" is not to marry till he is a bishop, he might just as well resign himself to being a perpetual bachelor at once. This episcopal treatment of poor curates reminds one a little of an old-world ecclesiastical poem from the French—

On business call'd from his abode, A curate jogg'd along the road. In patient leanness jogg'd his mare; The curate, jogging, breathed a prayer; And jogging as she fac'd the meads, His wife, behind him, told her beads.

His bishop passes by in his coach, and reproves such cheap immorality—

- "What! choose the very King's highway, And ride with girls in open day!"
- "My lord," replies the blushing man,
  "Pardon me, pray, and pardon Anne;
  Oh, deem it, good my lord, no sin:
  had no coach to put her in."

If the statement in the Woman's Herald that the young ladies of Nottingham have agreed to discard long dresses during the coming sloppy weather is correct, that town will have done more service to the cause of Woman's Rights than all the platform orators who have espoused it. Whatever "high falutin" language they may have indulged in about the intelligence of the female being equal to that of the male was contradicted, in the eyes of every sensible beholder, by the spectacle of nine women out of ten as they appeared in walking garb-i.e., either with a gown that swept the streets or with a hand made useless from its having to hold up the gown. There have been many foolish fashions adopted by the male, but none so absolutely idiotic as this; and what made the matter worse, even the women who abstained from following it did not dare to denounce it. Fashion was too strong for them, and, since the custom had nothing to recommend it except that it was the fashion, proved, in the teeth of all the talk to the contrary, the slavery of the sex. At Birmingham, I read, an advocate of "Downtrodden Women" has recommended the extermination of man by dynamite. "There has never been a bloodless revolution," she said, "and there never will be; if we had a regiment of women who could shoot straight we should have female franchise in a week." the Nottingham example be followed, this accuracy of aim may be accomplished; but so long as one hand is monopolised by the necessity of holding up a skirt, no weapon of precision can be manipulated by the other.

Private soldiers, we are informed, will be provided with pocket-handkerchiefs on which are printed the drill regulations, an idea evidently borrowed from the supply of "moral pocket-handkerchiefs" to the natives of Borioboola Ga. In winter, therefore, when colds are prevalent, our soldiery will probably prove better instructed than in the summer months. The plan seems worthy of adoption generally for all branches of information, and would even be of advantage to those indisposed for its infliction, since at the first flutter of the cambric they might take themselves off. The diner-out might have his stories for the evening, or, at all events, their points, neatly printed on his mouchoir, and the bashful lover his "written offer" in his pocket, to be produced with a graceful flourish. The lady, on the other hand, must be very careful not to dry her eyes with a too evidently calculated reply.

#### "NOTHING IN THE PAPERS." BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It seems to me—and to many more, I doubt not—a most extraordinary thing that there was "nothing in the papers" concerning a railway accident last Friday evening on the Deal Branch Railway, that nearly sent me, and a few more who were with me, not on a journey round the world, but on the longest journey that anyone can take, to visit that "country from whose bourne no traveller returns." The most trifling collision within a few miles of London or on any of our suburban lines is at once made public by flaring posters; but here was a case of a whole train upset by some act of gross carelessness on the part of someone yet to be discovered, the helpless passengers the part of someone yet to be discovered, the helpless passengers nearly jolted to death by a train running backwards off the line for nearly half a mile, the guard both demoralised and, I fear, seriously injured, the track covered with overturned carriages and ruined telegraph posts and wires, and not one word appeared in any paper on the subject until I told the tale of terror as it occurred to me. If it had not been for the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the life" of others besides "poor Jack," my 'ourney would have been indefinitely postponed, and, so far as I am concerned, the little play of life would have been over for ever.

There is no need to go again through the alarming details of that "terrible ten minutes," which seemed an agonising age of apprehension from the moment the train went off the track until it train went off the track until it fell providentially, not over an embankment, but against a blessed wall of soft chalk; but certain practical remarks may not be out of place in connection with the disaster. When at last the train stopped and crashed against the cliff, the danger was not by any means over. I have explained that our runaway engine wrecked a our runaway engine wrecked a telegraph-post, and that the carriages were completely fastened up by coils of wire, to say nothing of the fact that the carriage windows were barred up with brass rods that no human strength could rods that no human strength could destroy. Now, it occurs to me to ask the authorities of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway and others whether, after all, it is wholly wise to bar up carriage windows in this fashion. Presumably, the precaution is taken to prevent idiots from putting their heads out of window and so coming into collision with the railway arches. But then, on the other hand, there are a thousand other hand, there are a thousand to one more passengers who are not idiots, and whose lives might he seriously endangered by not being able to get out of a carriage window when the door was locked or when, as in our case, we were bound in tight and fast by tele-

Then there is another point which is worth considering. Should not every railway guard be compelled to carry in his van a handy box of tools, containing a fireman's hatchet to break open a door and a pair of cleavers to cut an obstructive telegraph = wire? Had such been forthcoming, we should all have been extricated in should all have been extricated in a minute, whereas I am not at all sure that the greatest danger was not in forcing the doors in order to strain the wires, which might have snapped at any second and killed our rescuers. I believe I am right in saying that in the old coaching days every guard carried a set of implements in the boot in case of accident at a deserted in case of accident at a deserted spot. I know from observation that they do it abroad in the case of diligences, and I am sure these tools are quite as necessary as presenting accident reliable and the case of cautions against railway accidents, which are most likely to occur when they are most unforeseen. Who could have conceived that on a little branch line a few minutes after starting an engine-driver and his mate would both have imagined a signal was against them when it was exactly the opposite, or that a

was exactly the opposite, of that a responsible man would have suddenly become so unnerved at nothing that he imagined he was going full speed on to Deal when he was in reality going full speed back to Kearsney and on to the terrors of the main line? The pluckiest man on that ghastly night was the signalman, who, when the guard was almost hors do combat, never once lost his head, but with marvellous rapidity stopped up and down trains on branch and main, and prevented horrors accumulating on horror's head, and all the time with half the wires down and the lines strewn with wreckage. That brave signalman conspicuously deserves a reward for his intelligent and heroic services.

And now I come to another point, perhaps a more delicate and personal one, which I commend to the attention of M. Zola, who is soon to write on miracles and on superstitions con-nected with the oldest of the faiths. In these days we have to speak of certain acts of faith with bated breath. Amulets, relics, crosses, preservatives against ill-luck are sneered at as old-fashioned and out of date; but for all that a certain superstitious feeling is never quite eradicated from the human breast. Do we not all divide wishbones and give one another tokens of love that are supposed to scare away evil and bring a blessing of safety on the wearer? Have we not heard how in war-time more than one soldier has owed the preservation of his life to a testament worn near his heart, and which has turned aside the destroying-bullet? The strictest of Protestants would sarely not laugh to scorn such a superstition as that.

When I retired to rest, thankful to Providence, on the night of that accident, I could not help remembering that I wore about me several gifts of dear friends preparatory to setting out on a journey which cannot be without its grave elements of danger by land and sea. They consisted of several sacred relics, very dear to me, a crucifix and a medal brought to me from the monastery of the Grande Chartrense by a dear friend, and, well—a lucky threepenny-bit! My life, at any rate, even according to the evidence of prosaic railway officials, was saved by a miracle. Was it due to a faith in the Christian cross or the Pagan coin with a hole in it? Who shall say?

# OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The new Lord Mayor of the City of London, Alderman Stuart Knill, was born at Camberwell in 1824, son of the late Mr. John Knill, fruit-broker and wharfinger, one of an old Herefordshire family, whose second wife, mother of Stuart Knill,

THE NEW LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN STUART KNILL.



ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF WILKIN.

MR. SHERIFF RENALS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS OF LONDON.

was a daughter of Mr. Stuart, a respected citizen of London. He was educated at the Blackheath Proprietary School and at the University of Bonn. In 1850 he joined his father and the late Mr. James Lane Wight nership with Mr. John Knill and Mr. Edgar Wight. He married, in the same year, a daughter of the late Mr. C. R. Parker. In 1885 he was elected Alderman of the Bridge Ward. and three years ago one of the Sheriffs of London. As a memorial of his shrievalty, he decorated the outer lobby of the council chamber in Guildhall with figures of St. George and St. Paul and the arms of the City Guilds. He has been chairman of some committees of the Corporation, a governor of hospitals and prisons, a member of the Plumbers' Company and the Goldsmiths' Company, and of the Greenwich Vestry and District Board of Works,

Alderman Joseph Renals, the senior Sheriff, is a native of Nottingham, born in 1843, and formerly partner with his brother there, Alderman John Renals, in the bleaching business, from which he retired in 1875, but two or three years later settled in another business in London. He was elected one of the Common Council in 1886, soon became Alderman of the Ward of Aldersgate, and is an active magistrate and Governor of the Royal Hospitals. He has been Worshipful Master of a Freemasons' Lodge.

Alderman W. H. Wilkin, Sheriff, was born in 1842, son of the late Mr. David Wilkin, to whose business, in St. Mary Axe, he succeeded, after having commenced life as a law student of the Middle Temple, and having been called to the Bar. He was elected to the Common Council sixteen years ago, and, in 1888, Alderman of the Lime Street Ward. He is chairman of the board of managers of the Mary Datchelor Schools, has been Master of the Barbers' Company, is a Warden of the Broderers' and Coachmakers', a Governor of the Royal Hospitals, a Past Master in Masonry, and till lately Colonel of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers. As churchwarden of St. Andrew Undershaft he performed good service in the restoration of that church.

### HIND-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Not being prepared to vouch for any special account of the

practice of shooting hinds, we can only refer to the experience of British sportsmen who have enjoyed the noblest pursuit of its kind in the Scottish Highlands, that of stalking the red deer, by craftily approaching the herd, crawling up the glens and ravines, hiding behind rocks or bushes, with the ready rifle in hand, followed by the gillie with the "twa dogs," to get a shot at the stag. Their exploits have obtained classical renown from such interesting books as those of Scrope and St. John, and from the famous pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, Ansdell, and other artists, within the past halfcentury; while Mr. Alexander Macrae's "Handbook of Deer-Stalking" and the writings of Mr. Horatio Ross contain all the practical instruction that can be furnished in print.

#### ROYAL CHRISTENING AT POTSDAM.

The German imperial and royal family, on Sunday, Oct. 23, assembled at the New Palace, Potsdam, for the christening of Princess Victoria Louisa, the infant daughter of the Emperor William II. and of the Empress. This interesting domestic ceremony took place in the Jasper Gallery of the Palace, the upper end of which had been transformed into a private chapel, with an altar beneath a red velvet canopy adorned with Prussian eagles, and a table on which stood a golden font, the same that was used in 1831 for the baptism of this babe's grandfather, the late Emperor Frederick. The little Princess was brought in on a cushion of cloth of silver, with a train of the same, and was held by her grand-aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden. Besides the Emperor and Empress and the Princes and Princesses of Prussia, there were present the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg - Strelitz and Baden, several Bavarian princes, the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Malet, representing Queen Victoria as one of the sponsors, other foreign ambassadors and envoys, the Chancellor of the Empire and Prussian Ministers of State, the Presidents of the Reichstag and of the Prussian Parliament, and the high Court dignitaries. The officiating clergyman

was the Rev. Dr. Dryander, Superintendent-General of the Prussian Protestant Church, who preached a sermon. After the christening, the infant Princess was laid in a richly embroidered cradle, beside which the Empress sat, while all the banquet in the Marble Hall.

# THE GREAT FIRE AT MILWAUKEE.

The city of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, about a hundred miles north of Chicago, has suffered an immense disaster. On Friday evening, Oct. 28, a fire broke out at the Union Oil Works, in East Water Street, which raged during seven hours, spreading from Buffalo Street along Broadway, and over a large part of the commercial quarter, a space of three-quarters of a square mile. The traffic station, workshops, and store - houses of the Chicago and North - Western Railway Company, many factories and warehouses, altogether more than six hundred buildings, with most of their contents, were entirely destroyed. The total loss is estimated at nearly six million dollars. Few lives were lost, but nearly three thousand rersons were rendered homeless.

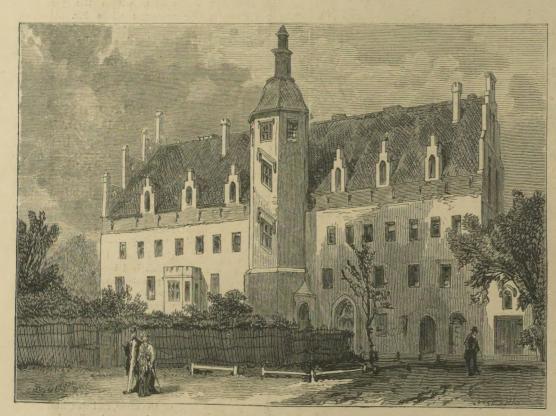
# REOPENING OF THE SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT WITTENBERG.



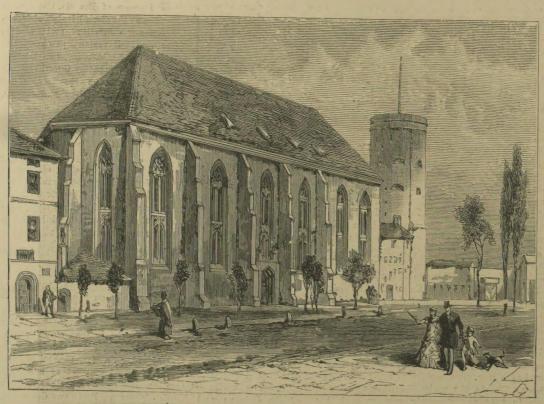
LUTHER MONUMENT AT WITTENBERG.



LUTHER'S STUDY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WITTENBERG.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WITTENBERG (OLD AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY).

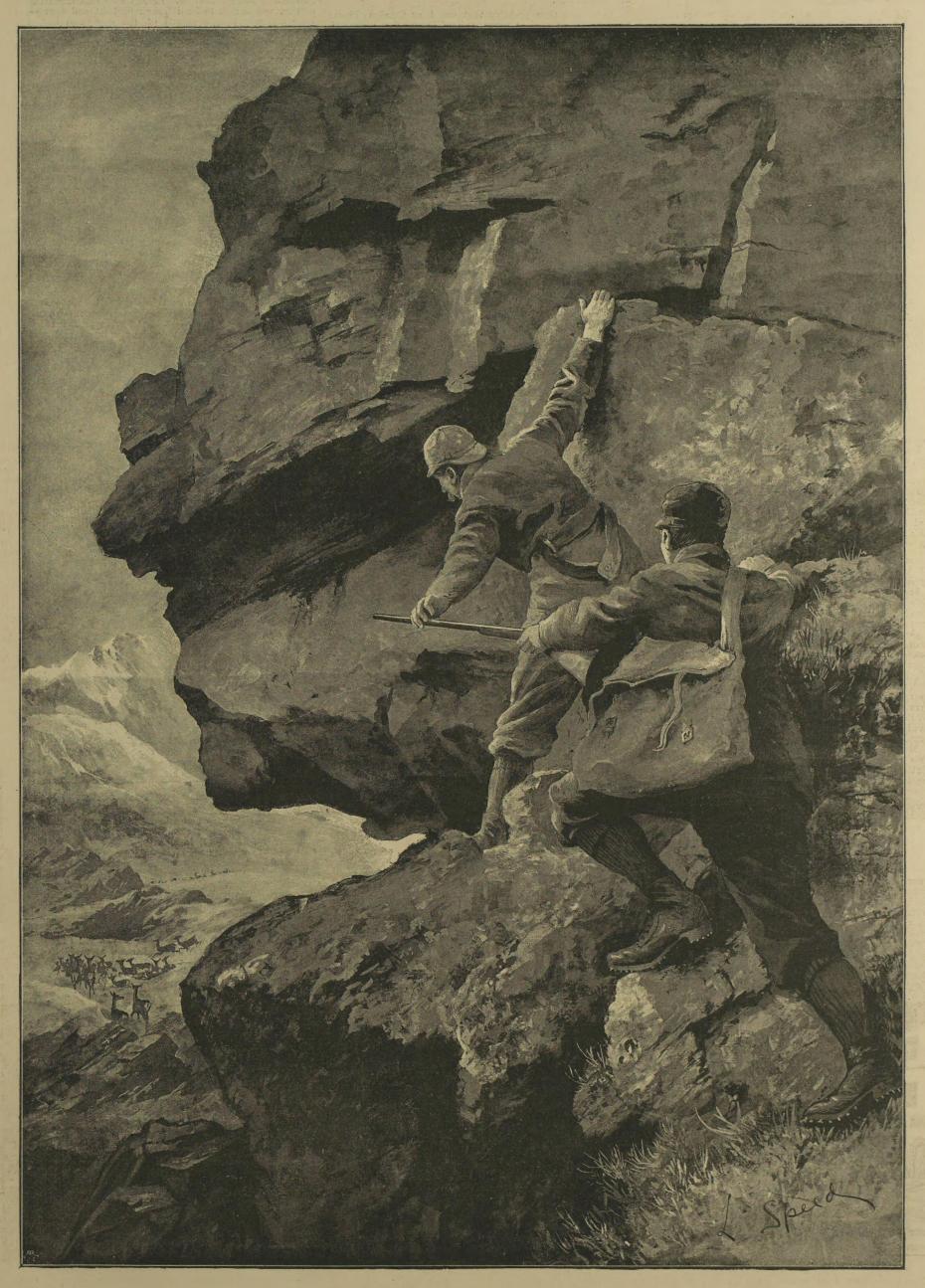


THE SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT WITTENBERG IN 1883, BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.

On Monday, Oct. 31, the anniversary of Luther's memorable act in 1517, when he affixed to the door of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg his written "Theses," or theological propositions contradictory of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, a ceremony of great interest to the German Protestants was performed in the presence of the Emperor William II., King of Prussia. This was the reopening and renewed dedication of the Schlosskirche, which has, during seven years past, been undergoing a complete architectural restoration, at the cost of the Prussian Government, promoted by the Emperors William I., Frederick III., and William II. In the year 1883, a few weeks previously to the celebration, on Nov. 10, of the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, the Imperial Crown Prince Frederick William, afterwards the Emperor Frederick III., visited Wittenberg to open the Luther Hall at the University with the apartments, including Luther's study, occupied by the great Reformer when he was University professor there. The Schlosskirche, containing the tombs of Luther and Melancthon, has been restored from the designs and under the supervision of Professor F. Adler, of Berlin, "Geheime Oberbaurath," by the Government architect Herr Paul Groth. The tower has been entirely altered from what it was in 1883, being now raised to the height of 288 ft., instead of 100 ft., and its upper part adorned with a splendid circlet or frieze of mosaic, bearing an inscription in yellow letters on blue, and with a cupola and copper spire, richly ornamental. Further descriptive details may be given in our next, with illustrations furnished by our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, who attended also the Luther Festival in Germany nine years ago. The Emperor and Empress, at the opening ceremony, were accompanied by the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of York, and representatives of all the Protestant German States.



THE SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT WITTENBERG RESTORED.



HIND-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: AN AWKWARD MOMENT,

#### PERSONAL.

The newly appointed judge, Mr. William Rann Kennedy, Q.C., who was born in 1846, son of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Manchester,



MR. WILLIAM KENNEDY, O.C., The New Judge.

tinguished Cambridge University scholar, at Pembroke College, from 1865 to 1868, winning the Browne and Powis medals and the Craven Scholarship classics. was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, hut was after-wards admitted to the Middle Temple, joined the Northern Circuit, and acquired a considerable

late years he has been frequently engaged in the Admiralty Court. Mr. Kennedy was for a short time private secretary to the President of the Poor Law Board, over twenty years ago.

There has just arrived in England an African missionary, the Rev. R. H. Walker, who has spent the last five or six years in Uganda. His views on the recent disturbances in that country will be extremely valuable, not merely on account of what he saw of them, but more particularly from the close intimacy he possesses with the history of that unhappy land ever since M'wanga's accession to the throne. Mr. Walker has "held the fort" in that country through many trials and persecutions, and although men were suffering all round him he still worked on with patience and hope. He is the son of the Rev. John Walker, Rector of Bradwell, near Great Yarmouth, and the brother of Dr. Basil Woodd Walker, of Chepstow Place, Pembridge Square. He was educated at 'Cambridge, taking his degree in 1879. One of his closest friends at St. John's College was the Rev. R. P. Ashe, from whom, no doubt, he received the inspiration that led him to adopt a missionary's life, with all its attendant hardships and trials. But he would not go to the foreign field unfitted for the work, and he therefore at first served in a humbler sphere of usefulness at home. From 1880 to 1886 he he was curate of All Souls', Langham Place.

It was the murder of Bishop Hannington and the massa-

It was the murder of Bishop Hannington and the massacre of many of the Christian converts in Uganda that finally decided Mr. Wulker upon a missionary career, and early in May 1887 he took his farewell before a distinguished audience, which included the great traveller Dr. Junker. He followed Bishop Parker up the country, and was stationed in the capital of Uganda to bear young Cyril Gordon company. But their missionary work was much disturbed by the dissatisfaction felt and expressed at M'wanga's despotic rule. A revolution followed, the King was deposed, and for many months the country was a scene of bloodshed and disorder. Mr. Walker and his colleague were expelled, and only succeeded in reaching Usambiro after suffering great privations. In October 1889 they were, however, enabled to return, and shortly after this negotiations with the Imperial British East Africa Company were opened. The missionaries preserved a wholly neutral attitude in these negotiations, but they explained to the King the meaning of the company's offer. Mr. Walker will be able to throw much light upon the relations existing between the King and Captain Lugard; relations existing between the King and Captain Lugard; indeed, the controversy raised by Monsignor Hirth can hardly be considered settled until he has been heard. Mr. Walker has brought with him to England a native Christian, one Mika Sematimba, who is said to be a man of shrewd observation and sound judgment.

A new organisation, calling itself the London Reform Union, has been formed for dealing with the many problems of London poverty, and has held a preliminary meeting at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Lough, the member for West Islington, presiding. The association is not entirely of a party character, for several Conservatives, like Mr. Henry Lafone, who owns one of the largest wharves in East London, Mr. Bousfield, and others have joined it. Its primary object is to deal with the condition of riverside labour in the Metropolis, with a view of giving it a permanent as against a casual character, but it goes on to consider the whole problem of the municipal grievances of Londoners. Mr. Tom Mann, the former president of the dockers, has been elected secretary, and one of the objects of the association may be to consider his scheme for rebuilding the docks and concentrating them on a single stretch of the Thames. A new organisation, calling itself the London Reform

The death of Mr. Jackson Wray removes a considerable figure from the Nonconformist world. Mr. Wray was in his time one



of the most notable Dissenting preachers in London, Until a year or so ago he was pastor of the large, severe-looking, classic building in Tottenham Court Road, known as Whitefield's Tabernacle. Of late, however, his health failed, and the dis ease of which died he died on Wednesday, Oct. 26, developed, largely

THE LATE REV. JACKSON WRAY. incapacitating him for work. He was born in 1832, and early in life joined the Wesleyan body for missionary work in Sierra Leone, though later on he

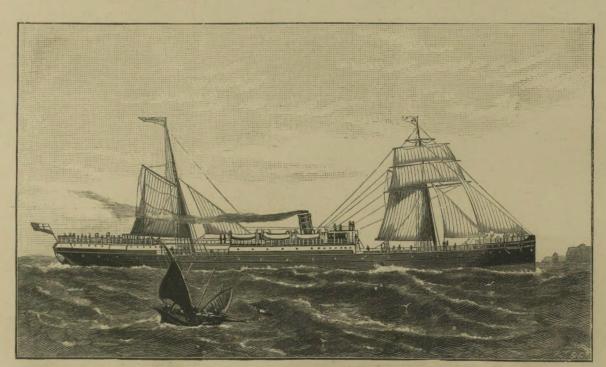
became a Congregationalist. He wrote a number of religious romances, which have had a large sale and great popularity. Both as lecturer and preacher he was fluent, eloquent, suggestive, and his congregations were always much

It is more than probable that ere long Camden Place, Chislehurst, an ancient house, full of interesting historical associations, will be pulled down to make way for modern associations, will be pulled down to make way for modern residences. Already much of the land that was formerly a part of its domain has been utilised for building purposes, and though the mansion with its gardens and a few acres of ground attached is still untouched, it will not remain so for long unless a purchaser be forthcoming. Neither the interior nor the exterior of Camden Place is particularly imposing, but it is a roomy, comfortable mansion, somewhat fallen into decay perhaps, and about it clings the memory of Camden, the historian of the seventeenth century, who, it is said, wrote his celebrated annals of Queen Elizabeth beneath its roof, and died there in 1623. Towards the end of the next century it was the home of the eminent lawyer Charles Pratt. century it was the home of the eminent lawyer Charles Pratt, who became Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and who, on being raised to the Peerage, took from it his title, Lord Camden of Camden Place. Then in our own times, just one-and-twenty years ago, it became the home of the third Napoleon, who took up his abode there after his release by the Germans, and who died there two years later. It is now some Germans, and who died there two years later. It is now some years since the widowed Empress left Chislehurst for her estate at Farnborough.

By the death of Mrs. William Henry Wills, a venerable lady who passed away at her London residence in Sussex Gardens on Oct. 24, another link in the fast lessening chain of those whose personal intimacy connects us with the life and work of Charles Dickens is snapped. Mrs. Wills, who was eighty years of age, had spent all her life in a literary atmosphere, for she was a sister of William and Robert Chambers, who were the founders of the historic Edinburgh publishing house, in which city her girlhood was passed. Her marriage associated her still more closely with books and bookmen, for her late husband, Mr. W. H. Wills, was for years the able and zealous assistant of the illustrious author of "A Tale of Two Cities" in the editing of All the Year Round, at 26, Wellington Street, a house which it is said our American cousins were anxious to remove bodily to the Chicago World's

Born in 1827, the son of Mr. James Loch, of Drylaw, for many years M.P. for the Wick Burghs, he entered the Navy when thirteen years of age, and after a few years he, in 1844, exchanged the sea for the Army, obtaining a commission in the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. In India he saw much active service, was A.D.C. to Lord Gough in 1846, and four years later was second in command of the celebrated Skinner's Horse. The Russo-Turkish troubles of 1853-4 saw Sir Henry first assisting the organisation of Turkish cavalry in Bulgaria, and afterwards actively engaged in the Crimea. It was in 1857 that he entered on his distinguished political career. Attached to Lord Elgin's special embassies to China and Japan, he experienced in no small degree the "ups and downs of fortune"; he was chosen as the bearer to England of the Treaty of Yeddo concluded with Japan in 1858. On his return to the Celestial was chosen as the bearer to England of the Treaty of Yeddo concluded with Japan in 1858. On his return to the Celestial Empire he was less fortunate, and in 1860 was treacherously taken prisoner by the Chinese, confined in an iron cage, and subsequently in a dungeon. After undergoing these indignities, of which he published a graphic picture, he was fortunately released, and was again in this country the same year, having ratified the Treaty of Tien-tsin and the Convention of Pekin. In 1861 he filled the post of private secretary to Sir George Grey, and two years later was made Governor of the Isle of Man, a position he held for nearly nineteen years. In 1882 he was sent as Governor to Victoria, South Australia, where he and Lady Loch, a daughter of the Hon. Edward Villiers, and twin sister of the widow of the late Lord Lytton, were extremely popular. Three years ago, when difficulties arose with Sir Hercules Robinson and the Government, Sir Henry was called from Australia to Cape Colony, and it is universally admitted that his administration of South African affairs has been eminently successful. been eminently successful.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann has again been vindicating his right to be considered the greatest living interpreter of Chopin's pianoforte music. When he reappeared recently at the Crystal Palace after a long absence and played Beethoven's concerto the error of the choice was obvious to every cultured amateur. On the other hand, when he gave his Chopin recital before a large gathering at St. James's Hall on Nov. I criticism was silent from first to last, and admiration reigned supreme. The programme was a heavy one, including as it did the sonata in B minor, Op. 58, the well-known ballade in A flat, the no less familiar



THE ANCHOR LINE STEAM-SHIP ROUMANIA, WRECKED OFF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL, OCT. 27.

Fair; and at No. 16 in the same street, so full of memories of the literature and journalism of this century, he performed the same good offices for *Household Words*. Mrs. Wills lived to see two members of a younger generation of her family successful in literature and journalism, in the persons of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the clever contributor to *Panch*, and Miss Muriel Dowie, whose book, "A Girl in the Karpathians," made so great a success a season or two ago, to both of whom she stood in the relation of grand-aunt.

We wonder that the poets who have been writing memorial odes about Tennyson are not afraid that he will become a revenant and haunt them. There are seven lamentations in the Nineteenth Century, which, while they are hardly as prompt as the tearful muses of Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Sir Edwin Arnold, are for the most part quite as lachrymose and quite as destitute of the real feeling of poetry. Curiously enough, the best of them all is Professor Huxley's, with its motto from "Don Carlos": "Gib diesen Todten mir heraus." The Minister is made to speak and welcome Tennyson to the home where lie so many of England's dead—

Bring me my dead! To me that have grown, Stone laid upon stone, As the stormy brood Has waxed and spread And filled the world With sails unfurled: With men that may not lie: With thoughts that cannot die

M. Stéphane Mallarmé, the distinguished French writer M. Stéphane Mallarmé, the distinguished French writer has an interesting and very appreciative article on Tennyson—
"Vu d'Ici"—in the National Observer. M. Mallarmé expresses a preference for "Maud," with its mixed strain of reflection and passion, for "Locksley Hall," for "Enone," and for the hearse-like strains of "In Memoriam." "Originality, taste, newness," combined with literary culture and a primary poetic gift of delicious quality—these are M. Mallarmé's main characterisations of Tennyson. He dwells on the aristocratic reserve and shyness of his private life and character, "ingenuous and taciturn," of the poet. One does not gather, however, from his article that Tennyson ever had a large vogue in France.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, the Governor of the Cape, who has arrived in England, shows in his tall and active figure but little trace of the two-and-fifty years he has devoted to the service of his country. It would be difficult to find a record of patriotic activity more diversified than Sir Henry Loch's.

impromptu in F sharp and scherzo in C sharp, four of the études, two of the mazurkas, two of the valses, and the nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1, in addition to the rondo in E flat, Op. 16. With scarcely an exception, the rendering of these works fulfilled the highest ideal; the master's intentions being executed with the utmost beauty of touch and tone, together with the rarest poetry and charm of expression. M. de Pachmann was frequently and enthusiastically applauded, and at the close of his recital he was prevailed upon to add two encores—one a polonaise by Chopin and the other (odd selection!) a sonata by Liszt.

For our portraits of the new Lord Mayor and Sheriffs we are indebted to the courtesy of the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside; for those of the late Rev. Jackson Wray and the new judge, Mr. W. R. Kennedy, Q.C., to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; and for our picture of the steam-ship Roumania to Mr. Stuart, of Glasgow.

### WRECK OF THE STEAMER ROUMANIA.

A disastrous shipwreck has occurred, on the Portuguese coast, to the British steamer Roumania, bound from Liverpool to Bo nbay. On Thursday, Oct. 27, this vessel, carrying fifty-five passengers, with a crew of sixty-seven men, including the officers, was wrecked at the mouth of the Arelho, near Peniche, fifty miles north of Lisbon. Only nine persons were saved; 113 lives were lost. Among those who have perished are Itty miles north of Lisbon. Only nine persons were saved; 113 lives were lost. Among those who have perished are Lieutenant C. Douglas Sandford, of the Indian Staff Corps, and his wife; Mr. W. Nichol, son of the City Chamberlain of Glasgow; Miss Burbidge, a daughter of Canon Burbidge, of Liverpool; Miss Dunlop, a medical lady missionary from Edinburgh, and Miss M'George, of Belfast, who has laboured five years in that way in India; Mrs. Beattie and Mrs. Burgess, wives of missionaries in India; Mrs. Boutflower, Miss C. Boutflower, of Northumberland, with three children. The only two English passengers saved are Captain G. F. D. Hamilton, of the Bengal Staff Corps, who has lost his wife, recently married, and Lieutenant B. P. S. Rooke. The commander of the ship was Captain W. S. Young, who, with all the other officers of the ship and English seamen, was drowned. The ship had been driven out of her course by a furious storm, and in the darkness of the night, having lost her bearings, went upon the rocks. Many of the dead bodies have been washed ashore, and some identified. Those of Mr. A. H. Rooper, a tea-merchant of Bombay, and Miss Catharine Boutflower were interred on Nov. I in the cemetery at Peniche. This ceremony was attended by the British Consul from Lisbon. The service was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Gibraltar, who has lost a nephew and niece. Bishop of Gibraltar, who has lost a nephew and niece.

#### HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Oct. 30, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D.D., minister of Maxwell parish, Glasgow, in the presence of the Queen, the royal family, and the royal household.

The Prince of Wales (says Truth) who is this week the guest of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, is expected to join the Princess at Sandringham on Saturday, and he will then make that place his headquarters until Dec. 5. Among the guests at Sandringham during the next few weeks will be the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princeand Princess Christian and Princess Victoria, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria, Princess Victor Hohenlohe and the Countesses Gleichen, the Duke and Duchess Hohenlohe and the Countesses Gleichen, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord Rosebery, Lord and Lady Spencer, the Marquis and Marquise de Hautpoul, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Carrington, the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Duckworth, Canon Dalton, Canon Fleming, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Sir Henry James, Lord and Lady Londonderry, and Lord and Lady Alington.

Cabinet Conneils have begun in earnest, and Ministers are hard at work on several measures. It is believed that Mr. Gladstone has unfolded to his colleagues the main provisions of his Home Rule scheme, and there are rumours of disagreement. Two parties are said to have been formed in the Cabinet, the principal point of contention relating to the proposed yet on the measures of an Irish Parliament. Sir William Harcourt, it is suggested, could not remain in Government if it were decided to take this veto out of the hands of the Imperial Parliament. All this, however, is pure

A piece of news from Ireland caused for some hours a veritable scare in Ministerial circles. A telegram stated that attack had been made on a police barracks in county Kildure, and that two policemen, a woman, and several children had been murdered. At first it was supposed that this outrage had been murdered. At first it was supposed that this outrage was agrarian or political, and the friends of the Government began to brace themselves up to meet a perfect tempest of denunciation from the opponents of Mr. Morley's policy. Later details showed that the tragedy was the work of a constable who had suddenly become insane. The relief in the Government offices can scarcely be described. Had the murders been the work of moonlighters, the Chief Secretary would have had to face a tremendous storm.

Lord Salisbury's article on "Constitutional Revision," in the National Review, has raised a curious point about the rights of the House of Lords. The leader of the Opposition contends that if Mr. Gladstone were to create five hundred peers to carry his Home Rule Bill the House of Lords could refuse to let them take their seats. There is a precedent—the case of Lord Wensleydale, who was not permitted to sit in the Lords because he was a life peer, and life peerages were obnoxious to the majority of the Upper House. On the other hand, some constitutional theorists allege that the House of Lords is not really hereditary as a legislative body. It seems that after every dissolution of Parliament the peers resume their seats by virtue of a special Lord Salisbury's article on "Constitutional Revision," in Parliament the peers resume their seats by virtue of a special writ of summons issued to every one of them. What would happen if this writ were withheld? This is one of the academic dilemmas in which we are always landed by discussions of the Constitution.

Lord Salisbury denies that the late Government ever had any intention of abandoning Uganda. He says they always "contemplated retaining it." There seems some prospect now that the Cabinet will plant a small force in Uganda after the evacuation by the East Africa Company, and that this will be done as a measure of police to protect the lives of the missionaries until the native Government shows some signs of peaceful authority and stability. That this compromise will satisfy the advocates of a forward policy is not probable.

Several Irish members who are attacked in Major Le Caron's "Reminiscences" have instituted proceedings for libel. Among them are Mr. J. O'Kelly, Mr. Sexton, and Dr. Fox, who deny the statements intended to incriminate them in the dynamite conspiracies of the Clan-na-Gael. It is doubtful whether the actions set on foot will come into court: if they do, the inquiry must mean a revival of the Parnell Commission, so far as the nature and extent of the subject-matter are concerned. This is an outlook which bodes no particular benefit to anybody, and it is not surprising to hear that efforts are being made to stop

At a meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has been the object of Professor Horsley's wrath, was received with great enthusiasm. Canon Wilberforce made some remarkable statements, one of them to the effect that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, not by experiments on animals, but by a microscope. The fact is that a microscope of any value was unknown in Harvey's day. No microscope was employed in this particular investigation for half a century after his death.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is among the bi-metallists. He delivered an important speech on this forbidding topic at Manchester, and the orthodox economists are now playing upon him with all their artillery. The creation of a double standard in our currency has a great attraction for some minds, but the idea has a very slight hold on the commercial community.

The municipal elections in England and Wales, so far as they turned on political issues, have left the balance of parties practically unchanged. These is a very slight preponderance of Liberal gains, but the one noteworthy victory of the Liberal party is in Liverpool, where the shifting of power will enable the local Liberals to elect the Mayor, for the first time in half a century first time in half a century.

the early morning of Nov. 2. The Great Northern train which left Edinburgh at half-past ten on the previous evening ran into a goods train about three miles north of Thirsk Junction. Many passengers were killed and injured.

The termination, on Monday, Oct. 31, of the miners' strike at Carmaux has relieved the French Ministry, especially M. Loubet, of an embarrassing strain on its hold of public favour, as that Minister had put himself into the position of an arbitrator in the dispute between the labourers and the company, and his award seemed not entirely satisfactory to either party. Under the advice of M. Clémenceau, M. Baudin, M. Millerand, and M. Pelletan, members of the Chamber of Deputies who had advocated their claims, the miners' committee agrees to resume work on condition that the company shall restore M. Calvignac, the workman who became mayor of Carmaux, to his place in their employment and that the ten men who were condemned on Oct. 4 The termination, on Monday, Oct. 31, of the miners' strike employment, and that the ten men who were condemned on Oct. 4 for illegal proceedings be pardoned and readmitted to service.

The French troops in Dahomey, West Africa, under command of Colonel Dodds, have gained a fresh victory over the army of King Behanzin, crossing the river Kato, and

storming the two forts of Katopa; they pursued the enemy to Cana, the sacred suburb of Abomey, the capital city, which was expected on Oct. 29 to be immediately captured, possibly thus finishing the war.

At the reopening of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg on Oct, 31 the Emperor and Empress, with their three eldest children, were accompanied by the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of York, Prince John of Schleswig-Holstein, representing the family of the King of Denmark, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Henry of Prussia, and representatives of all the Protestant States of Germany. His Imperial Majesty was received by the Burgomaster of Wittenberg. At the door of the Schlosskirche the keys were formally handed over; in the church a special religious service was held and an appropriate address was delivered. The Emperor next proceeded to the Luther Hall in the University building, where he, with the other Princes, signed an official record of the celebration. This act was followed by witnessing a grand historical procession remotes, signed an omeial record of the deferration. This act was followed by witnessing a grand historical procession representing notable persons and events in the annals of Wittenberg and Saxony, of the Reformation, and of the German Empire. There was a State banquet, at which the Emperor made a speech, expressing his attachment to the Evangelical faith, while declaring that in such matters there can be no compulsion, and that he would cherish peace with the whole of Christendom.

The Portuguese general parliamentary elections have taken place, returning a majority for the Government, but the Prime Minister, Senhor Dias Ferreira, has lost his seat, and there are rumours of a Ministerial crisis and of Senhor the Prime Challette forms Calculated to forms Calculated. Serpa Pimentel being called to form a Cabinet. The Premier does not meet with much sympathy, having dismissed last June three of his estcemed colleagues in the Cabinet—Senhor Oliveira Martins, Viscount Chancelleiros, and Senhor Costa

The report which has been circulated in Canada that the Imperial Government proposes to withdraw the imperial troops entirely from the North American colonies is authoritatively declared to be without foundation. Halifax, which is the headquarters of the British free in the North Atlantic, is the only place where British troops are stationed at present is the only place where British troops are stationed at present, and the question of their withdrawal has not been raised by the Imperial Government.

The trial of Mr. Honoré Mercier, ex-Premier of the province of Quebec, and Mr. Ernest Pacaud, his financial agent, on various charges of fraud, began in the Court of Queen's Bench at Quebec on Oct. 26; one count is that of conspiracy to defraud the Crown of the sum of 60,000 dollars on the Langlais stationery contract, another that of conspiracy to defraud the Caisse d'Economie Bank, which cashed the letter of credit.—X.

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### MUSIC.

The duration of the present opera seasons at Covent Garden and the Olympic seems a trifle uncertain. Neither impresario has given an indication of the length of time he intends to go on, unless we are to accept as such the announcement of a string of works that must take a certain number of weeks to bring out. For instance, Sir Augustus Harris, who prefers a go-as-you-please" season to one governed by the lines laid down in a prospectus, has in preparation "Aïda" and "Otello," "Il Flauto Magico," "Der Freischütz," and the Chevalier Emil Bach's new opera, "Irmengarda." These, together with the operas already mounted this autumn, will certainly suffice to carry the season all through November, should its extension so far be warranted by the continued support of the operagoing public. The houses at Covent Garden, we may add, are uniformly large. There was a good attendance on Saturday, Oct. 29, when "Don Giovanni" was given, with a fair cast, including Miss Zélie de Lussan as Zerlina: and there was an equally big gathering on the following Tuesday for the German performance of "Tristan und Isolde." We should like to be able to speak of the latter as we spoke of the admirable representation given here by the Hamburg artists in June; but that is not possible, and neither, perhaps, would it be fair to expect as much during a season at cheap prices. Mr. Carl Armbruster, who officiated as conductor and largely helped in the organisation of what was virtually an experiment, appears to have somewhat overestimated the resources of Herr Oberläuder (a tenor from Carlsruhe) and of Miss Pauline Cramer, who were the Tristan and Isolde of the cast. Morcover, the orchestra would obviously have benefited by another rehearsal or two. At the same time, all laboured intelligently and with earnestness of purpose, and certain scenes of the music drama went very well indeed. We may bestow unqualified praise upon the excellent Brangane of Miss Esther Palliser, upon the pathetic and interesting Kurwenal of Mr. David Bispham, and upon the not-over-tedious Marke of Signor Abramoff. These artists understood their characters, and worked throughout well within their means. The audience applauded vigorously after each act, but the true Wagnerian enthusiam was conspicuous by its absence. Perhaps that was because the shilling gallery was

The only addition to Signor Lago's repertory to which we can now refer is the performance of "Maritana," given on Oct. 29 before a popular Saturday night audience. Say what we may about its old-fashioned form and stilted dialogue, Wallace's opera will unquestionably bear occasional revival for the sake of melodies the grace and charm of which have thoroughly endeared them to English ears. Thus it was a real pleasure to listen to the familiar ballads when sung with taste and feeling by such artists as Mr. Eugène Oudin, Mr. Charles Manners, and Mesdames Fanny and Lily Moody-singers who understand the sentiment of these things, and can express it without exaggeration and, at the same time, with ample beauty of voice. For example, Mr. Oudin's rendering of "In happy moments" was a perfect illustration of the qualities that should mark true ballad singing-refinement, purity of diction, elegance of phrasing, and, withal, the utmost simplicity of style. On the other hand, the tenor, a Mr. C. Harding, was extremely unsatisfactory. His voice sounded hard and forced, and the delivery of "Let me like a soldier fall" was about the "throatiest" we have ever heard.

Mr. Chappell provided interesting programmes for the first Saturday and the second Monday Popular Concerts, Brahms's vocal quartets and gipsy songs being sung at each by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Isabel Fassett, and Mr. Shakespeare. But whereas there was a crowd at the afternoon concert, the attendance in the evening was extremely meagrea fact difficult to explain, except by reason of the weather, which, on the later occasion, was damp and miserable. The respective pianists were Mr. Leonard Borwick (who gave a splendid rendering of Schumann's sonata in G minor) and Mdlle. Szumowska, who was at her best in a prelude and fugue by Bach - one of the immortal "forty-eight" - and Beethoven's E major sonata, Op. 109. On the Monday the leading violinist was Mdlle. Wietrowetz, the gifted pupil of Dr. Joachim, whose romance from the "Hungarian' concerto she played as a solo. It is quite wonderful how the playing of Mdlle. Wietrowetz resembles her master's, how the playing of Mdlle. Wietrowetz resembles her master's, not only in peculiarities of technique and phrasing, but to the very quality of his tone and his nuances of expression. To say this is tantamount to acknowledging the presence of the very highest musical attributes, and explaining the position that Mdlle. Wietrowetz has so quickly taken up among the foremost violinists of the day. With Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Whitehouse for her associates, she led an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, while in Rubinstein's pianoforte trio, Op. 52, she fully shared the closing honours of the concert with Mdlle. Szumowska and Mr. Whitehouse. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, recalling the young violinist twice after her solo and twice after the "Hungarian Dance," which she played for an encore.

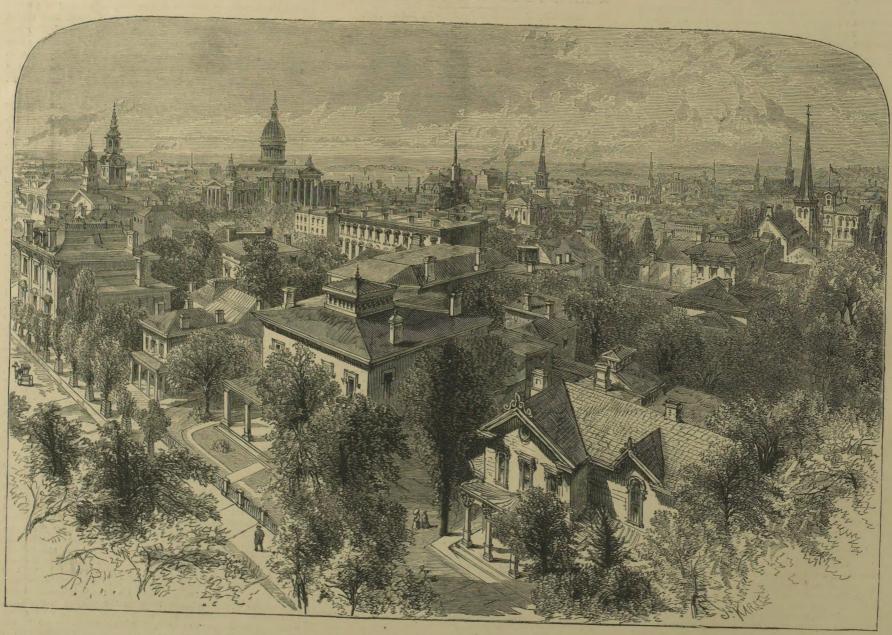
"Hungarian Dance," which she played for an encore.

Mr. Frederic Cliffe has taken the advice of his critics, and compressed the slow movement ("Night") and the finale compressed the slow movement ("Night") and the finale ("Morning") of his Leeds symphony, with a result decidedly beneficial to the general effect of the work. This was made manifest at the Crystal Palace Concert of Oct. 29, when a magnificent performance of the symphony was given under the masterly guidance of Mr. August Manns. It was here that Mr. Cliffe's first symphony was produced three years and a half ago, and Sydenham amateurs are not unnaturally inclined to regard the musician as in some sense their protégé. At any rate, they listened to his latest work with rapt attention, and applauded every movement with a protege. At any rate, they disched to his latest work with rapt attention, and applauded every movement with a warmth that betokened genuine admiration, while at the close Mr. Cliffe had twice to bow his acknowledgments from the platform. Another novelty in the scheme consisted of two pieces of ballet music from Moszkowski's new opera "Boabdil"—picturesque and effective movements to which Mr. Manns and his orchestra did abundant justice. Malle. Szumowska's brilliant technique was advantageously displayed in Weber's "Concertstück," and Mr. Andrew Black declaimed with sonority and intelligence Wotan's "Abschied," from "Die Walküre,"

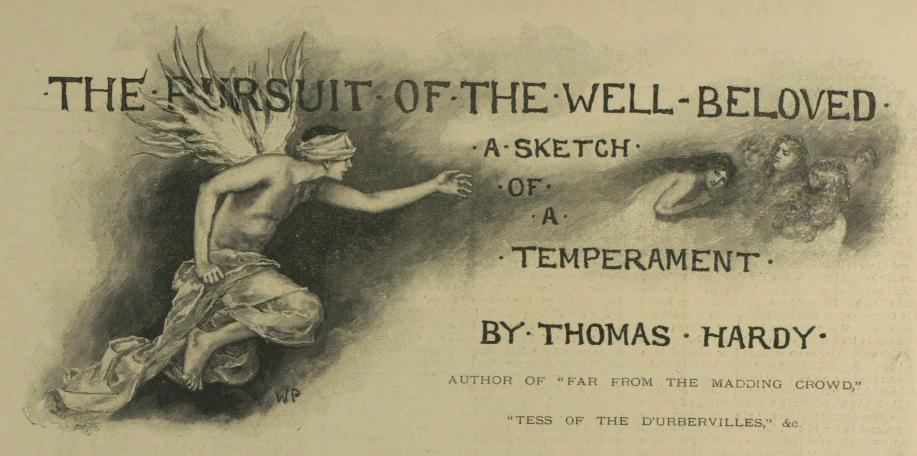
# THE GREAT FIRE AT MILWAUKEE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE MILWAUKEE RIVER, AT MILWAUKEE, ON LAKE MICHIGAN.



THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, THE SCENE OF THE GREAT FIRE, OCT. 28.



CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

THE NEW BECOMES ESTABLISHED.

Why should Mrs. Pine-Avon be there? Pearston asked himself. If it should, indeed, be she, he could hardly assume that she had come on his account.

The end of the service found his attention again concentrated on Avice to such a degree that at the critical moment he overlooked the mysterious lady in front of her, and learnt that she had left the church by the side-door. Supposing it to have been Mrs. Pine-Avon, she would probably be discovered staying at one of the hotels at the watering-place over the bay, and to have come along the Pebble Bank, as so many did, for an evening drive. For the present, however, the explanation was not forthcoming; and he did not seek it.

When he emerged from the church the great placid eye of the lighthouse at the Beal Point was open, and he moved thitherward a few steps to escape Nichola Pine-Avon, or her double, and the rest of the congregation. Turning at length, he hastened homeward along the now deserted trackway, intending to overtake his revitalised Avice. But he could see nothing of her, and concluded that she had walked too fast for him. Arriving at his own gate, he paused a moment, and perceived that Avice's little freehold was still in darkness. She had not come.

He retraced his steps, but could not find her, the only persons on the road being a man and his wife, as he knew them to be, though he could not see them, from the words of the man—

"If you had not already married me, you would cut my acquaintance! That's a pretty thing for a wife to say!"

The remark reminded him unpleasantly of his own experiences, and presently he went back again. Avice's cottage was now lighted: she must have come round by the other road. Satisfied that she was safely domiciled for the night, he opened the gate of Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle, and retired to his room also.

Eastward from the grounds the cliffs were rugged and the view of the opposite coast picturesque in the extreme. A little door from the lawn gave him immediate access to the rocks and shore on this side. Without the door was a dip-well of pure water, which possibly had supplied the inmates of the adjoining and now ruinous Red King's Castle in the time of the Crusades. On a sunny morning he was meditating here, when he discerned a figure on the shore below spreading white linen upon the pebbly strand.

Jocelyn descended. It was Avice, as he had supposed, she having now returned to her own occupation. Her shapely pink arms, though slight, were plump enough to show dimples at the elbows, and were set off by her purple cotton print, which the shore-breeze licked and tantalised. He stood near, without speaking. The wind dragged a shirt-sleeve from the pebble which held it down. Pearston stooped and put a heavier one in its place.

"Thank you," she said quietly. She then turned up her hazel eyes, and seemed gratified to perceive that her assistant was Pearston. She had plainly been so wrapped in her own thoughts that she had not considered him till then.

The young girl continued to converse with him in friendly frankness, showing neither ardour nor shyness. As for love—it was evidently further from her thoughts than even death and dissolution.

When one of the sheets became intractable Jocelyn said, "Do you hold it down, and I'll put the pebbles.".

She acquiesced, and in placing a pebble his hand touched hers.

It was a young hand, rather long and thin, a little damp and coddled from her slopping. In setting down the last stone, he laid it, by a pure accident, rather heavily on her fingers.

"I am very, very sorry!" Jocelyn exclaimed. "O, I have bruised the skin, Avice!" Saying which he seized her fingers to examine the damage done.

"No, Sir, you haven't!" she cried luminously, allowing

him to retain her hand for examination without the least objection. "Why—that's where I scratched it this morning with a pin. You didn't hurt me a bit with the popple-stone."

Although her gown was purple, there was a little black crape bow upon each arm. He knew what it meant, and it saddened him. "Do you ever visit your mother's grave?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir, sometimes. I am going there to-night to water the daisies."

She had now finished here, and they parted. That evening, when the sky was red, he emerged by the garden-door and passed her house. The blinds were not down, and he could see her sewing within. While he paused she sprang up as if she had forgotten the hour, and tossed on her hat. Jocelyn



"I am very, very sorry!" Jocelyn exclaimed.

strode ahead and round the corner, and was halfway up the straggling street before he discerned her little figure behind

He hastened past the lads and young women with clinking buckets who were drawing water from the fountains by the wayside, and took the direction of the church. With the disappearance of the sun the lighthouse had set up its star against the sky, the dark church rising in the foreground. Here he allowed her to overtake him.

"You loved your mother much?" said Jocelyn.

"I did, Sir; of course I did," said the girl, who tripped so lightly that it seemed he might have carried her on his hand.

Pearston wished to say, "So did I," but did not like to disclose events which she, apparently, did not guess. Avice fell into thought, and continued-

'Mother had a very sad life for some time when she was about as old as I. I should not like mine to be as hers. Her young man proved false to her because she wouldn't agree to island custom, and it grieved mother almost all her life. I wouldn't ha' fretted about him, if I'd been she. She would never mention his name, but I think he was a wicked, cruel man; and I hate to think of him."

After this he could not go into the churchyard with her, and walked onward alone to the south of the isle. He was wretched all night. He would not have stood where he did stand in the ranks of an imaginative profession if he had not been at the mercy of every sentiment of fancy that can beset It was in his weaknesses as a citizen and a national unit that his strength lay as an artist, and he felt it childish to complain of susceptibilities not only innate but cultivated.

He saw a terrible vengeance ahead. What had he done to offend the cruel Aphrodite that she should scheme this thing against him? The Well-Beloved, after flitting from the frame of Nichola Pine-Avon to the phantom of a dead woman whom he never adored in her lifetime, had taken up her abode in the living representative of that phantom with a permanence of hold which the absolute indifference of that little browneyed representative only seemed to intensify

Did he really wish to proceed to marriage with this chit of a girl? He certainly did. It was true that as he studied her more closely he saw defects in addition to her social insufficiencies. His judgment, hoodwinked as it was, told him that she was colder in her nature, commoner in her character, than that well-read, bright little woman Avice the First. But twenty years make a difference in ideals, and the added demands of middle-age in physical form are more than balanced by its concessions as to the spiritual content. He looked at himself in the glass, and felt glad at those inner deficiencies in Avice which formerly would have impelled him to reject her.

There was a strange difference in his regard of his present folly and of his love in his youthful time. Now he could be mad with method, knowing it to be madness: then he was compelled to make-believe his madness wisdom. In those days any flash of reason upon his loved one's imperfections was blurred over hastily and with fear. Such penetrative vision now did not cool him. He knew he was the creature of a tendency; and indulged himself in continuing the pleasant glide.

### CHAPTER XVII.

HIS OWN SOUL CONFRONTS HIM.

From his eastle and its grounds and the cliffs hard by he could command every move and aspect of her who was the rejuvenated Spirit of the Past to him-in the effulgence of whom all sordid details were disregarded.

Among other things, he observed that she was often anxious when it rained. If, after a wet day, a golden streak appeared in the sky over the West Bay, under a lid of cloud, her manner was joyous and her tread light.

This puzzled him; and he soon found that if he endeavoured to encounter her she shunned him-stealthily and subtly, but unmistakably. He determined to find out the meaning of this avoidance. One evening, accordingly, when she had left her cottage and tripped off in the direction of Slopeway Well, he set out by the same route, resolved to await her return along the high and level roadway which stretched between that place and East Wake.

He reached the top of the old road where it makes a sudden descent to the townlet, but she did not appear. Turning back, he sauntered along till he had nearly reached his own house again. Then he retraced his steps, and thus, in the still night, he walked backwards and forwards on the bare and lofty level; the stars above him, the two lighthouses on the distant point, the lightship winking from the sandbank, the combing of the pebble-beach by the tide audible from beneath, the church away south-westward, where the original Avice lay.

He walked till his legs ached, and still she did not come. It was more than foolish to wait, yet he could not help waiting. At length he discerned a dot of a figure, which he knew to be hers rather by its motion than by its shape.

How strange this prepossession was! How incomparably the immaterial dream dwarfed the grandest things, when here, between those three sublimities-the sky, the rock, and the sea-the minute personality of this washergirl filled his consciousness to its extremest boundary, and the stupendous inanimate scene shrank to a corner therein!

But all at once the approaching figure had disappeared. He looked about; she had certainly vanished. At one side of the road was a low wall, but she could not have gone behind that without considerable trouble and singular conduct. He looked behind him; she had reappeared farther on the road.

Jocelyn, desperate, ran after; and, discerning his movement, Avice stood still. When he came up, she was slily shaking with restrained laughter.

"Well, what does this mean, my dear girl?" he asked.

Her inner mirth bursting out in spite of her, she turned askance and said: "When you was following me to Slopeway Well, two hours ago, I looked round and saw ee, and hid behind a stone! You passed and brushed my frock without seeing me. And when, on my way backalong, I saw you waiting here

about again, I slipped over the wall, and ran past you! If I had not stopped and looked round at 'ee, you would never have catched me

"What did you do that for, you elf!"

"That you shouldn't find me."

"That's not exactly a reason. Give another, dear Avice," he said, as he turned and walked beside her homeward.

She hesitated. "Come!" he urged again.

- "Twas because I thought you wanted to be my young man," she answered.
- "What a wild thought of yours! Supposing I did, wouldn't you have me?"
- . And not for long, even if it had been sooner than now."

"Why?

"If I tell you, you won't laugh at me or let anybody else know?'

" Never."

"Then I will tell you," she said quite seriously. "Tis because I get tired o' my lovers as soon as I get to know them well. What I see in one young man for a while soon leaves him and goes into another yonder, and I follow, and then what I adore fades out of him and springs up somewhere else; and so I follow on, and never fix to one. I have loved fifteen already! Yes, fifteen, I am almost ashamed to say," she repeated laugh-"I can't help it, Sir, I assure you. Of course it is really, to me, the same one all through, only I can't catch him!" She added anxiously, "You won't tell anybody of this in me, will you, Sir? Because if it were known I am afraid nobody would marry me when I wish to marry.

Pearston was surprised into stillness. Here was this obscure and almost illiterate girl engaged in the pursuit of the impossible ideal, just as he had been himself doing for the last twenty years. She, like him, was doing it quite involuntarily, by sheer necessity of her organisation, puzzled all the while at her own instinct. He suddenly thought of its bearing upon himself, and said, with a sinking heart-

'Am I-one of them?'

She pondered critically.

"You was-for a week; when I first saw you."

"Only a week?"

"About that."

"What made the being of your fancy forsake my form and go elsewhere?"

"Well-though you seemed handsome and gentlemanly at

"Yes?"

"I found you too old soon after."

"You are a candid young person."

"But you asked me, Sir!" she expostulated.

"I did; and, having been answered, I won't intrude upon you longer. So cut along home as fast as you can. It is getting late."

When she had passed out of earshot he also followed homewards. This pursuit of the Well-Beloved was, then, of the nature of a knife which could cut two ways. To be the pursuer was one thing: to be one of the corpses from which the ideal inhabitant had departed was another; and this was what he was now, in the mockery of fate.

Drawing near his own gate he smelt tobacco, and could just discern two figures in the side lane leading past Avice's door. They did not, however, enter her house, but strolled onward to the narrow pass conducting to Red King Castle and the sea. He was in momentary heart-sickness at the thought that they might be Avice with a lover, but a faintly argumentative tone from the man informed him that they were the same married couple going homeward whom he had encountered on a previous occasion.

The next day he gave one of the servants a half-holiday on purpose to get Avice into the castle again for a few hours, the better to observe her. While she was pulling down the blinds at sunset a whistle of peculiar quality came from some point on the cliffs outside the lawn. He observed that her colour rose slightly, though she bustled about as if she had noticed nothing

Pearston suddenly suspected that she had not only fifteen past admirers but a current one. Still, he might be mistaken. Stimulated now by ancient memory and present passion to use every effort to make her his wife, despite her conventional unfitness, he strung himself up to sift this mystery. If he could only win her-and how could a country girl refuse such an opportunity? He could pack her off to school for two or three years, marry her, enlarge her mind by a little travel, and take his chance of the rest. As to her want of ardour for him-so sadly in contrast with her sainted mother's affectiona man twenty years older than his bride could expect no better, and he would be well content to put up with it in the pleasure of possessing one in whom seemed to linger as an aroma all the charm of his youth and his early home.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

JUXTAPOSITIONS.

It was a sad and leaden afternoon, and Pearston paced up the long, steep street of Slopeway Well. On both sides of the road young girls stood with pitchers at the fountains which bubbled up there, and behind the houses rose the massive summit of the isle-crowned with its enormous ramparts.

As you approach the upper end of the street all progress seems about to be prevented by the almost vertical face of the escarpment, into which your track apparently runs pointblank: a confronting mass which, if it were to slip down, would overwhelm the whole town. But in a moment you find that the road, the old Roman highway into the peninsula, turns at a sharp angle when it reaches the base of the scarp, and ascends in a stiff incline to the right. To the left there is also another ascending road, modern, as steep as the first, and perfectly straight. This is the road to the forts.

Pearston arrived at the forking of the ways, and paused for breath. Before turning to the right, his proper course, he looked up the left road to the fortifications. It was long, white, regular, tapering to a vanishing point, like a lesson in perspective. About a quarter of the way up a girl was resting beside a basket of white linen; and by the shape of her hat and the nature of her burden he recognised her to be Avice.

She did not see him, and abandoning the right-hand course he slowly ascended the incline she had taken. Drawing near, he observed that her attention was absorbed by something aloft. He followed the direction of her gaze. Above them towered the green-grey mountain of grassy stone, here levelled at the top by military art. The sky-line was broken every now and then by a little peg-like object-a sentry-box; and near one of these a small red spot kept creeping backwards and forwards monotonously against the heavy sky.

Then he divined that she had a soldier-lover.

She turned her head, saw him, and took up her clothesbasket to continue the ascent. The steepness was such that to climb it unencumbered was a breathless business; the linen made her task a cruelty to her. "You'll never get to the forts with that weight," he said. "Give it to me."

But she would not, and he stood still, watching her as she panted up the way; for the moment an irradiated being, the epitome of a whole sex: by the beams of his own infatuation-

robed in such exceeding glory That he beheld her not;

not, that is, as she really was, even to himself sometimes. But to the soldier what was she? Smaller and smaller she waned up the rigid mathematical road, still gazing up at the soldier aloft, as Pearston gazed up at her. He could just discern sentinels springing up at the different coigns of vantage as she passed, but seeing who she was they did not intercept her; and presently she crossed the drawbridge over the enormous chasm surrounding the forts, passed the sentries there also, and disap peared through the archinto the interior. Pearston could not see the sentry now, and there occurred to him the hateful idea that this scarlet rival was meeting and talking freely to her; perhaps, relieved of duty, escorting her across the interior, carrying her basket, her tender body encircled by his arm.

"What the devil are you staring at, as if you were in a trance?"

Pearston turned his head; and there stood his old friend Somers - still looking the long-leased bachelor he was.

"I might say what the devil do you do here, if I weren't so glad to see you.'

Somers said that he had come to see what was detaining his friend in such an out-of-the-way place at that time of year, and incidentally to get some fresh air into his own lungs. Pearston made him welcome, and they went towards Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle.

"You were staring, as far as I could see, at a pretty little washerwoman with a basket of clothes?" resumed the painter.

"Yes; it was that to you, but not to me. Behind the mere pretty island-girl (to the world) is, in my eye, the Idea, in Platonic phraseology—the essence and epitome of all that is desirable in this existence. . . . I am under a curse, Somers. Yes, I am under a curse. To be always following a phantom which I saw in woman after woman while she was at a distance, but vanishing away on close approach, was bad enough; but now the terrible thing is that the phantom does not vanish, but stays to tantalise me even when I am near enough to see that it is a phantom! That girl holds me, though my eyes are open and I see that I am a fool!'

Somers regarded the visionary look of his friend, which rather intensified than decreased as his years wore on, but made no further remark. When they reached the castle Somers gazed round upon the scenery, and Pearston, signifying the quaint little Elizabethan cottage, said, "That's where she

"What a romantic place altogether! A man might love a scarecrow or turnip-lantern here.'

"But a woman mightn't. Scenery doesn't impress them. This girl is as fickle as "-

"You once were."

"Exactly. She has told me so-candidly. And it hits me hard."

Somers stood still in sudden thought. "Well-that is a strange turning of the tables!" he said. "But you wouldn't really marry her, Pearston?'

"I would-to-morrow. Why shouldn't I? What are fame and name and society to me?"

"Then you'll win."

While they were sitting after dinner that evening their quiet discourse was interrupted by the long low whistle from the cliffs without. Somers took no notice, but Pearston started. That whistle always occurred at the same point of time in the evening: then she was helping again in the house. Aphrodite's own messenger in a kitchen-was there ever such satire to a man of art! He excused himself for a moment to his visitor and went out upon the dark lawn. A crunching of light feet upon the gravel mixed in with the articulation of the sea-steps light as if they were winged. And then he knew two minutes later that the mouth of some hulking fellow was upon hers, which he himself hardly ventured to look at, so touching was its young beauty.

Hearing people about-among others a couple quarrelling, for there were rough as well as gentle people here in the island-he returned to the house. Next day Somers roamed abroad to look for scenery for a marine painting, and, going out to seek him, Pearston met Avice.

"So you have a lover, my lady!" he said severely, to which she admitted that it was the fact. "You won't stick to him," he continued.

"I think I may this one," said she. "He deserted me once, but he won't again."

"I suppose he's a wonderful sort of fellow?"

"He's good enough for me."

"So handsome, no doubt." "Handsome enough for me."

"So refined and respectable." " Refined and respectable enough for me."

He could not disturb her equanimity, and let her pass. The

next day was Sunday, and Somers having chosen his view at the other end of the island, Pearston determined to see Avice's lover. In the afternoon he found that she had left her cottage stronghold, and, divining the direction they would be likely to take, went on towards the lighthouses at the Beal. Turning when he had reached the nearest, he presently saw on the lonely road between the quarries a young man, evidently connected with the stone trade, with a girl upon his arm, in whom he soon recognised Avice the Second.

She looked prettily guilty and blushed a little under his glauce. The man's was one of the typical island physiognomies-his features energetic and wary in their expression, and half covered with a close, crisp black beard. Pearston fancied that out of his keen dark eyes there glimmered a dry humour at the situation, as though he meant to say: "Isn't this a joke, Sir? I've got the pretty girl and you've got the

If so, Avice must have told him of Pearston's symptoms of This girl, whom, for her dear mother's sake almost more than for her own attractiveness, he would have guarded as the apple of his eye, how could she estimate him so flippantly!

different figure from her who, sitting in the chair with such finished composure, had snubbed him in her drawing-room in Hamptonshire Square.

'You are surprised at this? Of course you are!" she said in a low, pleading voice, as she languidly lifted her heavy eyelids while he was holding her hand. "But I couldn't help it! I know I have done something to offend you—have I not? landish rock to live with barbarians in the midst of the London season?"

"You have not offended me, my dear Mrs. Pine-Avon," he "How very sorry I am that you should have supposed it! Yet I am glad, too, that your supposition should have done me the good turn of bringing you here to see me."
"I am staying at Budmouth-Regis," she explained.

"Then I did see you at a church service here a little while

She blushed faintly upon her pallor, and she sighed. Then their eyes met. "Well," she said at last, "I don't know why I shouldn't show the virtue of candour. You know what it means. I was the stronger once; now I am the weaker. Whatever pain I may have given you in the ups and downs

she was-brought with it came well-nigh like a doom. In common speech, he knew what a fool he was. But he was utterly powerless in the grasp of this other passion. cared more for Avice's finger-tips than for Mrs. Pine-Avon's whole personality.

Perhaps Nichola saw it, for she said mournfully: "Now I have done all I could! I felt that the only counterpoise to my cruelty to you in my drawing-room would be to come as a suppliant to yours.'

"It is most handsome and noble of you," said he, with courtesy rather than enthusiasm.

Then adieux were spoken, and she drove away But Pearston saw only the retreating Avice, and knew that his punishment for his erratic idolatries had come.

( To be continued.)

#### MR. ANDREW LANG AND MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Literary controversies are always entertaining. Here is one between two eminent living men of letters. Mr. Andrew Lang expressed himself rather freely upon Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in his monthly causerie in Long-



He entered, to find in the drawing-room no other person than Nichola Pine-Avon.

The overpowering sense of humiliation at having brought himself to this position with the antitype, by his early slight of her who was the type, blinded him for the moment to what struck him with sudden surprise a short time after. The man upon whose arm she hung was not a soldier. What, then, became of her entranced gaze at the sentinel? She could hardly have transferred her affections so promptly; or, to give her the benefit of his own theory, her Well-Beloved could scarcely have flitted from frame to frame in so very brief an interval. And which of them, then, had been he who whistled softly in the dusk to her?

On account of this puzzling incident he did not attempt to seek out Alfred Somers, but walked homeward, moodily thinking that the strong desire to make reparation to the original woman by wedding and enriching the copy-which lent such an unprecedented permanence to his new love-was thwarted, as if by set intention of his destiny.

At the door of the grounds about the castle there stood a carriage. He observed that it was not one of the flys from Slopeway Well, but that it came apparently from the fashionable town across the bay. Wondering why the visitor had not driven in, he entered, to find in the drawing-room no other person than Nichola Pine-Avon.

At his first glance upon her, fashionably dressed and graceful in movement, she seemed beautiful; at the second, when he observed that her face was pale and agitated, she seemed pathetic likewise. Altogether, she was now a very

of our acquaintance I am sorry for, and-would willingly repair all errors of the past by-being amenable to reason in

It was impossible that Jocelyn should not feel a tender impulsion towards this attractive and once independent woman, who from every worldly point of view was an excellent match for him-a superior match, indeed. He took her hand again and held it awhile, and a faint wave of gladness seemed to flow through her. But no-he could go no further. That island girl, in her coquettish Sunday frock and little hat with its bunch of hen's feathers held him as by strands of Manilla

rope. He dropped Nichola's hand.
"I am leaving Budmouth to-morrow," she said. "That was why I felt I must call. You did not know I had been there through the Whitsun holidays?

"I did not, indeed; or I should have come to see you."

"I didn't like to write. I wish I had, now!

"I wish you had, too, dear Mrs. Pine-Avon."
But it was "Nichola" that she wanted to be. As they reached the landau he told her that he should be back in town himself again soon, and would call immediately. At the moment of his words Avice Caro, now alone, passed close

along by the carriage on the other side, towards her house hard at hand. She did not turn head or eye to the pair: they seemed to be in her view objects of absolute indifference.

Pearston became cold as a stone. The sudden chill towards Nichola that the presence of the girl, - sprite, witch, elf that man's Magazine (and elsewhere!). Mr. Hardy retorts in forcible fashion in a new edition of "Tess," and Mr. Lang returns to the charge in Longman's Magazine for November.

"As to 'Tess,' he says, and my own comparative distance for that lady and her melancholy adventures, let me be unchristian for half an hour and give my reasons. But first let me confess that I am in an insignificant minority. On all sides—not only from the essays of reviewers but from the spoken opinions of the most various kinds of readers—one from a great classical scholar who seldom deserts the ancients for the moderns, and from a Scot living his life out in a remote savage island, which, by-the-way, is not Samoa. There is no absolute standard of taste in literature, but such a consensus of opinion comes as near being a standard as one generation can supply. So I confess myself in the wrong, as far as an exterior test can make me in the wrong; and yet a reviewer can only give his own impression, and state his reasons, as far he knows them, for that impression. . . .

Inappropriateness, as far as I am able to judge, often marks the language of Mr. Hardy's characters. To take a specimen at random. Alec, who has been 'converted' for a moment from his profession as a rural Den Juan, meets Tess again, and says, Ever since you told me of that babe of ours, it is just as if my emotions, which have been flowing in a strong stream heavenward, had suddenly found a sluice open in the direction of you through which they have at once gushed.' Now, 'babe' is good, is part of the patois of Zion, but the rest of the statement is so expressed as to increase one's feeling of unreality, as if one were reading a morally squalid fairy tale. And this sense of unreality is exactly what I complain

# THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.



THE HON. GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

Photo by Pach Brothers, 935, Broadway, New York.



THE HON. B. HARRISON, PRESIDENT, AND REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

Photo by A. Bogardus, II, East Forty-second Street, New York.



THE HON. A. E. STEVENSON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Photo by C. M. Boll, Washington, D.C.



THE HON. WHITELAW REID, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Photo by Rockwood, 1440, Broadway, New York.

People in search of pegs on which to hang international comparisons and contrasts may be grateful to this year of grace 1892, which provides the uncommon object-lesson of a General Election in Great Britain and the great quadrennial Presidential campaign in the United States ranged almost side by side. The conjunction is far rarer than that "opposition" of Mars about which the astronomers have been so exciting themselves. It has happened only six times during the century.

The points of difference between these two chief popular political manifestations of the English-speaking people, in principle not less than in details of practice, are so numerous that an attempt to set them forth in this limited space would leave room for nothing else. Up to a certain point, the

American method is simpler than the English. The laws render it possible to disfranchise only an extremely small fraction of adult male citizens. The registers of voters are made up only a few weeks before the election, and the only conditions insisted upon are residence of a year within the State and of three months within the election district. No man can cast more than one vote. The election is held all over the country on the same day—by original Constitutional enactment on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—which this year will be Nov. 8. Each little polling district has its own elected election officers, and counts its own votes, and tells a waiting world the same night what it has done. The broad result, thus made up from scores of thousands

of tiny results, is rarely in doubt more than a day or two. Generally it is apparent in outline by midnight of election-day.

All this is much simpler and more direct than the English system. But there enters here, in Presidential elections, an element of roundabout indirection which has no parallel on earth. The people do not vote for the Presidential candidates themselves, but for Presidential electors, each State being entitled to as many of these as it has Representatives and Senators in Congress. Thus, New York State has thirty-six electors; Delaware has three. With the solitary exception of Michigan, a State chooses its electors en bloc. That is to say, if the Democrats carry the State of New York by only a



THE PRESIDENT'S PUBLIC RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.



ows.

and

THE WHITE HOUSE.

majority of one in a total poll of 1,350,000, they secure the entire thirty-six electors, who will make up one-twelfth of the whole Electoral College. Similarly their opponents might carry half-a-dozen smaller States, by majorities aggregating 100,000, and not thereby secure as many electors. A rough analogy might be found by imagining that the counties of England voted in Parliament for a Prime Minister by countiesthe seven Liberals of Gloucestershire casting its entire vote of thirteen for Mr. Gladstone, the seven Unionists of Devonshire giving its thirteen votes to Lord Salisbury. British politicians under these conditions would speedily learn to concentrate their attention upon a few doubtful counties, where the turn of a few hundred votes could win or lose a big block of Parliamentary strength, and wage only perfunctory contests in deeply Radical Durham or hopelessly Tory Kent.

Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey, of relatively active campaigns in Ohio, New Hampshire, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and of mere regulation voting on the old lines everywhere else. The four last campaigns have narrowed even this reduction down to the sole question of New York. The party which won this leviathan of States won the Presidency. Mr. Cleveland had a popular majority in the country at large of some hundreds of thousands alike in 1884 and 1888. But his carrying New York by 1000 gave him the Presidency in one instance; his loss of New York by 15,000 retired him to private life in the other.

The present campaign is unique, in that it promises to smash up these hard and fast party lines into which the passions and prejudices of the War have so long moulded American politics. We have just had in England one more confirmation of the curious change which has within recent years turned the drift of the boroughs away from Liberalism, and set the counties moving towards it. Quite as striking a change seems to be impending in America. The great economic issue of a high or low tariff has at last subordinated all other questions-sectional, social, racial, and financial alike. This foreshadows a considerable re-arrangement of partisan forces and of election probabilities. The old doubtful States remain doubtful still, and will be fought for as hotly as ever. But the new issue brings Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois. Wisconsin, and Iowa forward, on the one hand, as historic Republican strongholds which now seem likely to be carried by the enemy, and, on the other hand, renders it more possible than ever before that sundry Southern States may be captured from the Democrats.

In other words, the generation of Lincoln and Grant and



THE STAIRCASE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



under the name of "Protection," and of war plunder, labelled "Pensions," than it is in the centimental side of that far-away terrible struggle.

It is the general consciousness that a new era has really arrived which invests Mr. Cleveland with a personal distinction unknown to any other American of his time. He is its recognised prophet, its obvious champion. The leading politicians of his own party encompassed his defeat four years ago, but they could not prevent his going on becoming more and more palpably the chief figure in that party; they strove all they knew to prevent his nomination again last June, and their failure was grotesque in its completeness. His meteorlike rise-Mayor of a city the size of Nottingham in 1881, Governor of his State in 1882, President of the Republic in 1884-is in itself an embodiment of modern Americanism, bold, swift, clear-sighted, impatient of precedents, incredulous as to the very possibility of self-weakness or failure.

as to the very possibility of self-weakness or failure.

Mr. Cleveland is now in his fifty-sixth year, a tall and portly man, capable of extraordinary application to details of labour, but with no notion whatever of regular exercise and very little idea of rest of any sort. He has developed much literary skill since his call to high office, and both his State papers and speeches are above the average in American Executive records. He reads few books and hardly any newspapers, and keeps his vigorous mind resolutely upon main problems of government and politico-social progress. He is both brave and obstinate. He does not shrink from occupying a plane of profession habitually higher than that of his party, or from publicly condemning the leaders of that party for sympathising with lower standards. Naturally, they dislike this, but the popular feeling runs so powerfully against them that they have no recourse but to join in and shout for Cleveland with the rest.

As a solatium they have been given a man after their own

land with the rest.

As a solatium they have been given a man after their own heart in the Democratic nominee for Vice-President. Adlai E. Stevenson is a big, florid, handsome country lawyer of fifty-seven, of the cordial, hand-shaking type, immensely popular personally, and unencumbered with any superfine political dogmas. He is simply a fervent partisan, devoted to his party, and exceptionally skilled in party warfare, with deep prejudices against giving quarter to the enemy. He pronounces his queer Scriptural name "Adlee." His family has had a monopoly of it for generations, and, as he said to a reporter the other day, "I have not noticed any great desire on anyone's part to take it from us."

President Harrison, who stands for re-election, may be said

President Harrison, who stands for re-election, may be said also to stand as an embodiment of the protest against the new spirit. Like Mr. Cleveland, his lineage runs back unbroken to the stout Puritan England of Cromwell. Unlike Mr. Cleveland, he does not believe in Puritan politics nowadays.



THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

He is a small man physically, with cold manners and a biting humour, delightful in oratory, of which he is a master, but not winning in ordinary human contact. He loves political manipulation and management for their own sake, and shines in them above any of his predecessors. Like both men on the opposing ticket, he is a lawyer. Whitelaw Reid, his associate on the Republican ticket, is a journalist, the second of that ilk to climb to the eminence of a National platform. The other was Horace Greeley, whom Mr. Reid succeeded in the editorship - of the New York Tribune in 1872.

A millionaire marriage enabled Mr. Reid to protect the Tribune from its enemies and bring it back to

EED WAITING FOR THE "HAND-SHAKE."

# LITERATURE.

#### LORD TENNYSON'S POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan and Co.)-It would be infidelity to the earlier masterpieces of Tennyson to pretend that this, his latest volume, contains anything of the very highest value. It is not possible that the last handfuls of aftermath should be as rich and full as the prime ears chosen from mid-harvest. But, having guarded ourselves against the amiable fallacy of exaggeration, and turning to examine impartially this little book of less than a thousand lines, one is rather surprised at the sweetness, the variety, the persistent art, than distressed by any signals of senility. No modern poet, surely-no poet of any land or time since Sophocles-has preserved to so great an age the faculty of pleasing. It is difficult to analyse the exact emotion which these latest verses produce, but it may, perhaps, be described as a sense of receding. Throughout, it is still the music of the horns of the Tennysonian Elfland that we hear, it could still belong to no other known province of the poetic continent, but it grows "thinner, clearer, farther going." As pure and dignified as ever, as delicate and as individual, it shows that it is making ready to desert us by becoming a little fainter and vaguer.

Almost every number in this collection may be compared with some well-known piece in the late Laureate's works; almost every one is, in some sort, a variation of a familiar air. "Kapiolani" recalls "Boadicea," "To the Master of Balliol" is reminiscent of "The Flower," "The Church-Warden and the Curate" follows "The Northern Farmer," and one "Œnone" is the direct descendant of another. It is not that various new experiments in metre are not tried, and successfully tried. But each may be relegated with ease to an existing category. It may be well to mention at once certain pieces that appear to me a little less valuable than the rest. "St. Telemachus" and "The Bandit's Bride" are anecdotes which gain little by being told in verse; the second of these is very crude. "Charity" belongs to the same class as "The Children's Hospital," a class which has ever seemed to me the least fortunate in Tennyson's writings. "Akbar's Dream" is of much higher merit, stately, melodious, broadly intelligent, but curiously vague, like the murmur of some wise old man whispering to himself, and Oriental only in rather startling fragments. Of the lyrics, "The Tourney" adds nothing to the value of the book, and "To the Master of Balliol," which improves rapidly as it proceeds, and concludes in a ravishing melody, opens with one of the ugliest and least scannable stanzas that Tennyson ever

With these exceptions, all may without reserve be admitted to be exquisite. "The Death of Enone" is as clear cut as a cameo, every line delicious in its Attic purity and fullness. "Akbar's Dream," a study in blank verse, closes with a rhymed hymn to the sun of unusual beauty. In "Kapiolani" we have the Tennyson of flutes and kettledrums at his best in this unusual species of writing. "The Dreamer," perhaps the piece in the whole book which least reminds us of any Tennysonian predecessor, is a miracle of felicity. "The Wanderer," of which no word or turn of phrase could be anyone's but Tennyson's, will probably be a main favourite with the makers of anthologies. Among his humorous studies of Lincolnshire dialect, "The Church-Warden"-who thought that the Baptists had poisoned his cow by "washing their sins away" in his pond—will take a place only below the highest. "Doubt and Prayer" is one of the best, if it be not indeed the very best, of Tennyson's few sonnets. "The Silent Voices," which we suppose was the latest of all his compositions, shows that the imaginative faculty and the command over melodious form survived the close of his eighty-third year. On the whole, then, this tiny volume is a legacy not of sentimental interest only but of positive and durable value. EDMUND GOSSE.

# MOLTKE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Molthe, his Life and Character: Sketched in Journals, Letters, Mottle, his Life and Character: Sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, &c. Translated by Mary Herms. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) — Essentially a thing of shreds and patches, this volume nevertheless has a more than merely incidental value. In its pages Moltke appears in his manner as he lived, from the beginning of his career as a cadet in the Danish Military Academy to his well-earned retirement, full of years and honours, in the Silesian home he had made for himself. Than Moltke, no man ever owed less to adventitious circumstances. The conditions, indeed must have rather been circumstances. The conditions, indeed, must have rather been adverse in the Prussian service to a young soldier who, in effect, was an alien, and whose father, although of German extraction, had become a Dane by naturalisation, and had fought with Davoust against Prussia during her war of Liberation. Sheer merit carried him forward. Within eight years of his first commission he was appointed to the General Staff, of which for nearly thirty years he became the illustrious head. When in 1839 he returned from his four-years' service in Turkey he had

1839 he returned from his four-years' service in Turkey he had the unique advantage of being the only Prussian officer, apart from the veterans of the Napoleonic period, who had seen and shared in actual war. Still a captain, he had been awarded the rare distinction of the order "Pour le Mérite."

If there is anything in the axiom "Qui facit per alium, facit per se," Wilhelm I. was the unquestionable creator of German unity—the unquestionable maker of the German Empire. He was not a brilliant man, but he had in full measure that attribute of discernment of character of which Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon were the results. Very early in Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon were the results. Very early in Moltke's career must Wilhelm have noted the young soldier. In the volume under notice is quoted a letter of Countess Oriolla, describing "how the Emperor Wilhelm discovered his Moltke." She had been talking over early days with the Marshal, when the Emperor came up to her and said, "Do you know that it was myself who invented Moltke?" "Yes," replied the lady, "but how is that possible?" The Emperor answered, "Moltke was a simple young officer of whom nothing was known when some plans of fortresses and other work done by some young officers were submitted to me. I was struck with one of the plans, done by a young man of the name of Moltke, and I said to my generals, 'I wish you to keep an eye on this young officer, who is as thin as a pencil; his work is excellent-he

may turn out something great.' Well, don't you see that I invented him?" Wilhelm kept his own eye on the lean officer, with the result that in 1855 he named him senior aide-de-camp to his son, the late Emperor, then Prince Frederick William, whom he accompanied thrice to England, and whose tutor he was in the higher studies of the military art. And one of Wilhelm's first official acts on becoming Regent in 1857 was the appointment of Moltke to the headship of the Grand General Staff. What came of that appointment all readers of General Staff. What came of that appointment all readers of

history know.

Moltke's faculty of hinting a censure that bites and sticks in spite of its apparent mildness is illustrated with considerable frequency in his "Franco-German War" book. Judging from some passages in a fragment of the journal he kept on the way to Constantinople which is printed in the volume under notice, he resembled the "quiet Mr. Brown" of Bret Harte's ballad in being "a most sarcastic man." Of his voyage down the Danube he writes: "There were twelve passengers—of course, some Englishmen among them; they seem to be as indispensable as the salt in our food, though they do not always season society." He is even more severe on some Americans who embarked later, and whom he describes as "Mohicans," adding, "Albion's stepsons are not very amiable: if the Yankee turns out thus after having travelled all over Europe, how disagreeable must he be at home!"

Archibald Forbes.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

#### A PROFESSIONAL RECITER.

Stray Records. By Clifford Harrison. (Richard Bentley and Son.)—The trouble about this book is that it is too long. Son.)—The trouble about this book is that it is too long. Mr. Harrison has many interesting things to say about his profession, and he says them with taste, lucidity, and good sense; but when he fills the greater part of a volume with notes of his holiday jaunts on the Continent and the reflections which occur to every cultivated man who visits Como or crosses the Simplon, he swerves from that path of rectitude in which it is the stern business of the reviewing moralist to keep the makers of books. Mr. Harrison may plead his title, "Stray Records." What can be more suggestive of butterfly wanderings over the playgrounds of Europe? The court is accustomed to this line of defence, and has no hesitation in propouncing the accused guilty suggestive of butterfly wanderings over the playgrounds of Europe? The court is accustomed to this line of defence, and has no hesitation in pronouncing the accused guilty all the same of the cardinal sin of padding. Against this must be set off some delightful stories of the reciter's experiences, stories which show that Mr. Harrison possesses that gift of philosophical humour which endears him to the present tribunal. The professional reciter has to suffer fools gladly. He has also to bear the whips and scorns of the social patron. These are particularly trying when the patron is a woman, a grande dame, who exercises the privilege of speaking her mind to her inferior, the artist. "Mr. Harrison, I don't think I shall ask you to recite for me this season," remarked a lady of this august type; "I have heard you several times, and I get so tired of people. I like something new." Another patron objected to anything dramatic, pathetic, or poetic. She had engaged Mr. Harrison "all for fun, you know." A genial host was staggered by two poetic recitations and implored Mr. Harrison to "sing us a good song," "Can't you do it? Like Grossmith and Corney Grain. (I regretted my inability.) Why, Grossmith imitates you! Why don't you imitate him?" Even this failed to excite Mr. Harrison's ire. He tells these stories against himself with infinite good-humour and a gentle compassion for convivial entertainers in Konsington, who engage an artist with his head full of poetry, and expect him to amuse them with a little genteel clowning. Comment would certainly be wasted on the lady who wrote Achsington, who engage an artist with his head full of poetry, and expect him to amuse them with a little genteel clowning. Comment would certainly be wasted on the lady who wrote, "Last year Mrs. A—— suffered a good deal of inconvenience from Mr. Harrison's illness, and she must request that if Mr. Harrison is ill this year he will give her at least a week's notice"; or on the somewhat mixed devotion of this inquiry: "Can you promise positively and without fail to recite here (D.V.) on the 23rd of next month?"

Mr. Harrison is keenly alive to the ridicule which has fallen upon the recitation, but no one can glance through the list of nearly three hundred pieces which form his repertory without perceiving that he appeals to a high standard of culture, and is not to be confounded with reciters who stir the fount of tears with the ballads of Mr. G. R. Sims. To follow Mr. Harrison through his recitals is to get no mean idea of English poetry; and it comforts me to think that there is an enthusiast going about with these treasures on the tip of his tongue, and dropping them into ears more appreciative than some evening parties in Kensington. When Mr. Harrison has some evening parties in Kensington. When Mr. Harrison has an unreceptive audience he finds compensation in reciting to himself the exalted harmonies which the crowd were too earthy to hear. Oddly enough, this dramatic reciter has the strongest objection not only to drama, but even to the slightest colour in the reading of the Church service. Mr. Harrison lays down the curious dogma that as a parson is the "audible voice of the Church," the corporate and not the individual expression of the congregation, he has noright to put his own personal feeling into his reading. The intoning of the lesson by a curate who contrives to discharge all meaning from the text, and to reduce the most moving literature to the form and colour of an auctioneer's catalogue, is certainly not justified by the theory that this is the only impartial representation of the collective mind of the listeners. When I hear it again I shall be tempted to turn to my neighbour and say, "If this is our corporate intelligence speaking now, I cannot congratulate you."

L. F. Austin.

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Schiller's "Maid of Orleans": Translated, with an introduction, appendix, and notes, by Major-General Maxwell. (Walter Scott.)—"I have been reading," says Shelley, "Schiller's 'Jungfrau von Orleans,' a fine play, if the fifth act did not fall off." It is indeed a fine play, and remarkable as, perhaps, a solitary instance of the successful occupation of a niche which Shakspere might have filled and did not. Writing, if " be indeed from his pen, entirely from the English side, basing his work entirely on the national chroniclers, he could but take the English traditional view of the Maid, and his portrait of her is consequently a very gross misrepresentation. Schiller has most worthily occupied the vacant ground. His deviations from historical accuracy are quite legitimate from the dramatist's point of view, and his play is open to no other serious criticism except that it is too manifestly a work of reflection, the performance of an accomplished artist selecting a subject rather than of one whom the subject itself has selected. The character of Joan, nevertheless, was so thoroughly in harmony with Schiller's own lofty ideality that, notwithstanding its literary impress, the play is an excellent acting drama, and we can see no reason why it might not attract English audiences in General Maxwell's version, which seems as adequate as could possibly be desired. The translator has further enhanced the value of his work by notes, instancing a number of parallel passages from other poets, some, no doubt, directly borrowed by Schiller.

RICHARD GARNETT.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A catalogue just issued by a provincial dealer in autographs contains some unusually interesting items, particularly a great collection of letters and manuscript compositions from the hand of Mendelssohn, for which no less than £1200 is asked. It begins with a symphony in E minor, sent as a Christmas gift to Rietz when the composer was but twelve years old. This was probably an even earlier effort than the symphony in C minor, which is sometimes quoted as Mendleschu's first

There are a few very early letters of Dickens, which are less common than those of his more famous days, when his correspondents did not throw his communications into the his correspondents did not throw his communications into the waste-paper basket. One document dates back to the year of his majority, 1833. It is part of a travesty of "Othello" ("O'Thello") written for family performance, his father taking the part of "The Great Unpaid." Of course, this was not his first dramatic production, for he is believed to have written a tragedy when a baby of nine. The earliest signature here, with a "flourish," is one of 1831; and it is interesting to note the evolution of this ornament until it culminates in that so well known on the covers of one of the editions of his so well known on the covers of one of the editions of his

Of Thackeray there is little that is notable, unless it be the Of Thackeray there is little that is notable, unless it be the price asked for the following specimen, a guinea: "Kensington, Monday. My dear Cook,—I will come with pleasure.—Always sincerely yours, W. M. Thackeray." A letter from the late Laureate, dated from Aldworth, Oct. 25, 1876, accepts an invitation from Mrs. Gladstone: "Will you manage" (writes the poet) "that I may have my pipe in my own room whenever I like?" The moral of the appearance of such a letter in a dealer's catalogue is that when one gives a friend an autograph "for my album" one should be careful to write across it in indelible ink an inscription including the donor's name it in indelible ink an inscription including the donor's name

The letters of archbishops and bishops of the Established The letters of archoisnops and bisnops of the Established Church can be had in abundance from this catalogue at eight conpence to half-a-crown apiece; but twenty pounds is the price asked for a stanza of "Lead, Kindly Light," in the Cardinal's autograph. For a tenth of that sum, however, one may possess an extremely interesting letter, written in the third person, and dated "March 24, 1885." It begins: "Cardinal Newman wishes his fingers allowed him to write a longer letter than wishes his fingers allowed him to write a longer letter than this. The statement is simply untrue that he ever for a moment has wished to return to the English Church. The Catholic Roman Church is the only Oracle of Truth and Ark of Salvation-no other Communion has the promises, no other has the Grace of the Redeemer."

The typography of an extract from a letter of Charles Kingsley (Eversley, 1851) is such as to mislead any reader unfamiliar with his old "Christian-Socialist" pseudonym of "Parson Lot": "Alton Locke' has drawn down a Whig declaration in official quarters that the Parson lot must be put down at any price"! Another famous novelist, George Eliot, appears in a letter (1863) which should be pondered by the facile penmen of to-day who are said to engage themselves three novels deep. "Romola," she says, will run till August, "and various considerations forbid my contemplating the publication of another work till after that time." "Further," she adds, "my feelings about authorship would not allow me to enter into an engagement to produce a work which I had not already determined on, and so far initiated as to have a fair augury of its character, and at present I have no intention to commence a work until after an interval, during which I may lie fallow, and, if possible, get a better soil for any new intention to grow in."

Browning before he settled down with Smith Elder, and declaration in official quarters that the Parson lot must be put

Browning, before he settled down with Smith, Elder, and Co., had published with Saunders and Otley, Longmans, Effingham Wilson (Tennyson's first publisher). Moxon, and Chapman and Hall. With all but the last, the poet "took the risk"—that is to say, paid the bills, and got nothing in return. His connection with Moxon began in 1840 with "Sordello," and closed five years later with the eighth part of "Bells and Pomegranates." When, in 1848, he decided to collect his "Poems" in more orthodox shape, he found that a less risky arrangement was possible with Chapfound that a less risky arrangement was possible with Chapman and Hall. This catalogue contains his letter of farewell to Moxon, written from "Florence, May 12, 1848": "I am sorry we are to part company after keeping together for a good many years now: of course, gaining by my poems was always out of the question—but so also has been losing; and if I thought it expedient to try a new way with a new edition, it was only because the last few years seemed to show a sufficient increase of purchasers to justify way with a new edition, it was only because the last few years seemed to show a sufficient increase of purchasers to justify me. You know best, no doubt, and I am sure I shall always retain your good wishes, as you will my true thanks. It just strikes me that, luckily, I am not quite off your list yet, nor like to be so as long as poor 'Sordello' goes off at its present rate—won't you still keep his head above water, for old acquaintance sake? I mean, so far as you can help him by retaining his name on your covers, &c. . . And now goodbye, dear Moxon, till I shake your hand in England some day." Moxon did what was asked, for "Sordello" appeared in his list for half-a-dozen years after this—probably until the stock was exhausted. K. stock was exhausted.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

"The Death of Œnone, and Other Poems," by Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.)

"The Library," by Andrew Lang. With a Chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books, by Austin Dobson. Second Edition. (Macmillan.)

"Anna Karénina," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Illustrated Edition. (Walter Scott, Limited.)

"Waverley," by Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated by Charles Green. (A. and C. Black.)

"Lyric Love." Edited by William Watson. New volume of the Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan.)

"The Inns of Court and Chancery," by W. J. Loftie. With illustrations by Herbert Railton. (Seeley and Co.)

"In Savage Isles and Settled Lands," by B. F. S. Baden-Powell. (Bentley.)

"In Savage Isles and Settled Lands," by B. F. S. Baden-Powell. (Bentley.)

"Pierre and His People," by Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

"Olga's Dream," by Norley Chester. Illustrated by Harry Furniss and Irving Montague. (Skeffington.)

"Charles Kingsley, Christian Socialist and Socialist Reformer,' by M. Kaufmann. (Methuen.)

"Mrs. Bligh," by Rhoda Broughton. (Bentley.)

"The Nile." Notes for Travellers in Egypt. By E. A. Wallis Bridge. Second Edition. (Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus.)

gate Circus.)

"Stories," by Ascott R. Hope. (A. and C. Black.)

"The Clocks of Rondaine, and Other Stories," by Frank R.
Stockton. (Sampson Low and Co.)

"Artistic Travel," by Henry Blackburn. (Sampson Low and Co.)

"Mistress Branicau," by Jules Verne. (Sampson Low and Co.)



THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISA, THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AT POTSDAM.

FROM A SKRICLE BY SIR EDWARD MALEY, G.C.B.

### "THE MODESTY OF NATURE" IN CATS.

"The cloud of witnesses" who lately filled the galleries of the Crystal Palace to see the Cat Show are sufficient excuse for making the cat a text of discourse; but since, as Captain Bunshy has declared, the value of a discourse "lays in the application," it fortunately happens that two little books about cats have been put into my hands to give a particular bent to

It was Shakspere himself who, through the mouth of Hamlet, recommended the "special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." The special danger that at present attends the new-found interest in cats is that "the modesty of nature" should be not only overstepped but forgotten. How many artists are there who are content to observe sanely and lovingly the cat and her ways, and to render them with all the skill and fidelity they are capable of? I know but two, and they are foreigners-Madame Ronner and Eugene Lambert. The attitudes and expressions of the cat are so difficult to catch, they are so various and kaleidoscopic, that the artist too frequently, in his impatience and his desire to be popular with little pains, burlesques the creature even to mispopular with little pains, burlesques the creature even to misrepresentation. Such burlesque, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." It adds nothing to the pleasure taken in the cat by those who love her, and it does not tend to create a proper interest in those who have been hitherto indifferent to her. There is a burlesque, however, which is pleasing and instructive even to the judicious; but, as Charles Lamb says in his essay on "The Sanity of True Genius," it must be "true to the law of Nature's consistency"; it must not be "inconsequent." Of such an order is "A Book of Cheerful Cats," by J. G. Francis,\* an American artist. When we open the book, we see we are in another world than this, an irresponsible but self-consistent world, dear to the heart of childhood—the same world as that of which Edward Lear wrote in his "Nonsense Verses," the world in which "the owl and the pussy-cat went to sea in a pea-green boat." The cats and the kittens of Mr. Francis, whether they are playing tricks on each other or on mischievous little boys, or travelling to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth (the Bayreuth of Wonderland) in the company of "a desultory Dog, a discontented Donkey, and a proud and sensitive young Fowl," are steadily and consistently fatuous, and of a smug and smiling idiocy that is very engaging. Of the wrong order of burlesque, on the other hand, was a recent illustrated paper on cats, in one of the monthlies, by a clever practitioner of "the new humour." Bating a point or two of shrewd and comic observation, it is extravagantly non-natural, and self-consistency turns the absurdest somersaults and becomes lost in the wildest buffoonery. It is an excellent example of how that kind of thing should not be done—if a man would retain his self-respect and the regard of "the judicious." representation. Such burlesque, "though it make the unskilwould retain his self-respect and the regard of "the udicious.

It is surely a strange thing that persons of average understanding and imagination cannot get up and maintain a kindly interest in animals without labouring to be assured that they are possessed of human intelligence and moved by human emotions, and that both are made manifest by human expression. Since Sir Edwin Landseer first set the example of infusing a glamour of human sentiment into certain of his pictures of animals, it of human sentiment into certain of his pictures of animals, it seems well-nigh impossible for a painter of animals to win wide recognition and reward unless he adopt the trick. Why? Why are "the modesty of nature" and the variety of nature not good enough for us? Animals have intelligence after their kind, and affections and passions, and looks and tones, and attitudes and gestures, which become them, probably, better than ours do us, and which are at least as well contrived for the ends of existence as ours are: why do we grant them our favour only as we can believe them to be made in our own image? Is it from lack of sympathy, or understanding, or imagination, or what? I have heard people object to cats because it is difficult to teach them such tricks as dogs readily perform—sitting up to beg, jumping heard people object to cats because it is difficult to teach them such tricks as dogs readily perform—sitting up to beg, jumping through a hoop, fetching and carrying a stick, and what not—just as you may hear some critics object to a lyrical poet because he does not write epics or dramas. It is difficult to teach cats tricks—no matter for what reason—whether because they are too nervous, too shy, or too stupid; but why should we wish to teach them? Were we degenerate Yahoos, living under the protection of noble Houyhnhms, how should we enjoy being made to run on allfours, or to gallop with bits in our mouths and saddles on our backs? Trick animals of all kinds are a niteous sight, but the fours, or to gallop with bits in our mouths and saddles on our backs? Trick animals of all kinds are a piteous sight, but the most piteous of all is a trick cat: it looks so oppressed and ashamed, and is so reluctant to go through its performance. If a cat has the temper of mind which leads it to practise tricks "out of its own head" (and some cats have), that is another matter altogether. Let every cat—from its carliest kittenhood—do that which is right in its own eyes, short of stealing the milk or clawing the easy chairs, and it will delight its fond possessor far more than if it could be taught all the tricks of Robert Houdin. Let it be regarded as a cat that is to say, not as a human being in the form of a cat, and let it freely grow and develop along the line of its own nature, without knowing hunger or fear, and not all the trick cats of all the halls and variety palaces will be equal to it in interest and beauty, in affection and will be equal to it in interest and beauty, in affection and intelligence. There is a spontaneous and inimitable grace and gamesomeness about the cat that is treated with indulgent friendliness which no tutoring can induce upon its essentially wild, shy, and secretive nature.

It is (chiefly) the little book of the Rev. J. G. Gardner + which has called forth the last paragraph. The reverend gentleman, who is known as an admirer and friend of the cat, and moreover as a cat-fancier, is genial quaint, and chatty in most that he has to say about his favourite (his little should be treasured by the cat-lover as a curiosity) but he shows a weak, if kindly tendency to yield to the demands of the uninstructed vulgar who wish to cultivate the cat, not because they love her, but because she is becoming, or has become, the fashion. He does not escape the suspicion of having himself a sneaking regard for the cat that has been taught to perform tricks—an admiration unworthy (if it exists) of so excellent and useful a friend of poor puss; and his book is certainly tainted—or, considering that his book, after all, is so agreeable, one may say, notably flavoured—with the heresy that the cat is a human being in a feline body. This is the common and, perhaps, natural belief of the ordinary human who takes to admiration and love of the cat; but we look to Mr. Gardner and his friends of the National Cat Club to aid in its correction—not only for the sake of their protégés, but because the proper treatment of cats has an excellent educative effect on the temper and understanding of their masters and mistresses.

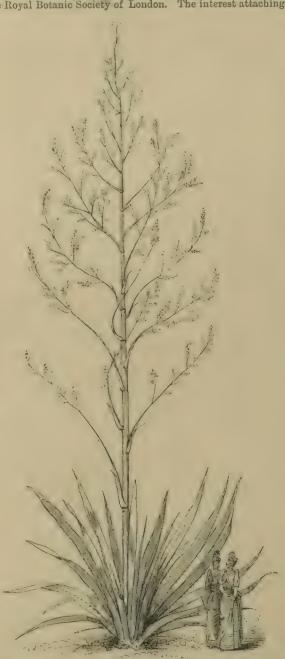
J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

# SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The sessions of universities, of medical schools, and of colleges great and small are now in full swing, and the voice of science is being heard everywhere throughout the land. The present age is nothing if it is not scientific, and if there is no royal road to knowledge, at least the pathways of inquiring souls are made very level and smooth. The publishers' lists year by year contain an increasing number of works devoted to science, and there is never a course of popular lectures arranged for which has not a fair proportion of scientific prelections included in the programme. These remarks, I confess, are inspired by the receipt of a letter from a lady correspondent who frankly declares she is "sick of science." In the same breath she tells me she "happily knows nothing about science, and, what's more, I don't want to know anything about it." This is plain speaking, but I should have liked to say to the lady (she writes anonymously), "My dear Madam, why criticise that of which you are ignorant? and science, believe me, will survive your indifference." Also, I might have replied that it is to science she owes most of the modern comforts of civilisation she enjoys, and that it is somewhat impolite to speak of scientists as "irresponsible prigs!" Sweet expression this; but why, in the name of all that is reasonable, "irresponsible"? When, too, we know that many ladies, nowadays, are working away heartily at science, medical, physical, and biological, and not only enjoying their studies, but adding to the sum total of human knowledge, I think I have said enough to discount much of my correspondent's unjustifiable ire against the spread of knowledge. I feel really grieved that anyone should harbour a grievance against "star-eyed Science," unselfish in her pursuit of truth, seeking not her own, thinking no evil, and ever intent on the welfare of man. Hence these remarks by way of justifying one's own pursuits, even if they fail to convince my correspondent that her grumbles are groundless. The sessions of universities, of medical schools, and of colleges

I observe that last month it was recorded that the plant known as *Fourcroya* was to be seen in flower in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society of London. The interest attaching



THE FOURCROYA, OR CENTURY PLANT, IN FLOWER, AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S CONSERVATORY.

to this statement is derived from the notion that the plant flowers only once in a century, hence the name of "Century Plant" given to it. This, it seems, is a mistake. It is proba the Foureroya flowers but once in its life, and the period of flowering derives its peculiarity from the fact that its life is a long one. It is said the Fourcroya which flowered last month has attained an age of between twenty and thirty years. American agave is another plant which, living long, flowers at American agave is another plant which, living long, nowers at a late age, and specimens are known to have flowered when over eighty years old. In the case of the Fourcroya, the flowering began on Aug. I, and on Sept. 15 the tip of the flower-spike touched the glass roof of its house. Part of the glass being removed, the growth continued, and the flower reached three or four feet above the top of the house, its total height being given at thirty feet. The leaves are said to measure from six to seven feet long.

This is an instance of a curious biological phenomenonthe apparent husbanding of the reproductive resources for many years. It is not without parallel in the animal world, but the slower life of the plant (if so I may term it) favours the occurrence of such delays more naturally than does the more active life of the animal. The advantage to the species, I should say, will be found in the greater perfection

and stability of the offspring produced. "Slow and sure" such a plant's motto. It does not desire or need quick and plentiful or repeated flowerings, because the vitality of its race is great, and it is able to last on and to see out of existence most of its neighbour plants.

I have to thank several correspondents for letters notifying references to the mythical man-eating tree of Madagascar. I shall leave that interesting vegetable strictly to the novelists

In one of my exchanges, Science, I observe an account given of the effect of civilisation on birds, considered with special reference to America. I apprehend, however, that the effects of the changes induced by man's extension of his surroundings will be found to be much the same everywhere. The author of the paper, Dr. Morris Gibbs, divides the causes of the searcity of certain birds incertain districts into two classes—natural causes, and unnatural or artificial causes. The natural causes are, of course, beyond human control, and may be illustrated by variations in climate, food supply, and other features of outward nature. The artificial causes are held to be represented by the extension or proximity of man's habitations to of outward nature. The artificial causes are held to be represented by the extension or proximity of man's habitations to the haunts of birds, a phase of the subject represented by the wholesale shooting and destruction of many species. Then we come to the removal of forests and clearing away of vegetable growths, and, lastly, we find drainage of land set down as a cause of the disappearance of birds. Sometimes, however, birds survive by the infallible process of adapting themselves to their surroundings. The swallows or martins have learned to build under the eaves of houses, and this, of course, is an acquired habit and one which must confer a measure of protection on the birds. The most regrettable feature of the whole subject is the senseless destruction of many birds to gratify a passing whim of fashion. This is utterly unjustifiable, however necessary land drainage and the cutting down of forests may be for the march of civilisation.

The intercalation of interests in a civilised community is always an interesting study. We are none of us independent; we are all really interdependent. The question "Who is my neighbour?" can be answered in more than one sense (by science) by saying "Everybody." My neighbour may, through his carelessness and ignorance, infect me with fever, poison my drains, give me polluted milk, or otherwise lay me low, even despite all my efforts to live up to health laws. This is a strong argument, that it is not sufficient for me alone to get a drains, give me polluted milk, or otherwise lay me low, even despite all my efforts to live up to health laws. This is a strong argument that it is not sufficient for me alone to get a knowledge of how to live properly: to be safe, I must see that my neighbour is also trained in the like knowledge. No doubt, as people have often told me, there is selfishness at the root of this reasoning. I am told I am thinking really of self and self's interests when I speak about getting my neighbour to be as cleanly and as sanitarily housed as I am. Be it so. I will not deny the impeachment, because it is not worth while arguing about. If it is selfishness over my own safety which dictates my anxiety about my neighbour's life, then selfishness must count for much in every other phase of life. There is nothing you can do (with a good intent) which will not be open to the same charge. We get a new illustration from science of the interdependence of society from a paper recently read at the Congress of Criminal Anthropology at Brussels by M. Hector Denis. This gentleman showed that it is possible to trace a very exact and stable correlation between crime and social success or the reverse. When the price of bread goes up, crime increases. Want inspires criminal intent. When wages fall, we get a similar result. Then, also, down goes the marriage-rate—sure sign of non-prosperity—and down goes the birth-rate also. M. Denis supported his conclusions by laboriously compiled statistics. What figures prove here, experience of a common kind, I fancy, substantiates. If this incoming winter proves, as social economists predict, a bad season for the toilers and moilers, it may unfortunately justify the conclusions of M. Denis. I sincerely hope no such opportunity will occur at all. sincerely hope no such opportunity will occur at all.

The translation of the New Testament into the language of Uganda has just been finished; the Gospel of St. Matthew was published in 1888, and that of St. John last year.

The Monte Carlo Casino Company, that of the "Cerele des Etrangers de Monaco," at its half-yearly meeting on Oct. 28, found its gross revenue for the year, derived from the gaming tables, to be £920,000 sterling. The capital of this company is thirty million francs, in 60,000 shares of 500f. each. The company pays yearly to the Prince of Monaco 1,250,000f. for the concession of privileges, under a contract to expire in twenty years from this date. The total expenses of the company amount to about half its gross revenue.

The Abbey of Abington, with twenty acres of ground.

The Abbey of Abington, with twenty acres of ground, adjacent to the town of Northampton, has been presented to the Corporation of that town, for a place of public recreation, by Lord and Lady Wantage, being the property of her ladyship, inherited from her grandfather, the late Mr. Lloyd, father of Lord Overstone. It formerly belonged to the Bernard family, one of whom married a granddaughter of Shakspere, only child of Susannah Hall, Shakspere's favourite daughter—the "good Mistress Hall, witty above her sex, but that's not all, wise to salvation"—whose tomb is in the church of Stratfordwise to salvation"-whose tomb is in the church of Stratford-

on-Avon.

The Royal Commission on Labour, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire, on Thursday, Oct. 27, examined the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, Mr. E. W. Brabrook, and Dr. Ogle, Superintendent of Statistics in the General Registry Office. Some interesting statistical facts were elicited; those from the first-named witness showing the immense numbers of members of the Foresters' and Oddfellows' affiliated societies, and the vast aggregate of invested capital, altogether 218 millions sterling, held by friendly and benevolent, industrial and provident, building, loan, burial, nevolent, industr insurance, trust, and other societies, savings banks, trade unions, and various other institutions receiving contributions from working-class people. Dr. Ogle gave the age statistics of marriage and mortality, from which it appeared that labouring men, such as miners, are wont to get married seven years earlier in life than men of the professional classes, and much fewer of the former remain unmarried. On two or three preceding days the Royal Commission obtained a great deal of interesting evidence from the presidents, chairmen, or managers of the Rochdale Wholesale Co-operative Union, founded in 1844, the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, and the Oldham Industrial Co-operative Society. It appeared that in the English co-operative societies for the ten appeared that in the English co-operative societies for the ten years from 1861 to 1870 a total net profit amounting to nearly 3½ millions was realised upon a total sum of over £46,000,000 of business; from 1871 to 1880 the total net profit was 12½ millions upon a total trade of nearly £158,000,000; while from 1881 to 1890 the profit was over 24½ millions on a trade of nearly £275,000,000, making a total profit for the thirty years of over £40,000,000 on a trade of nearly £500,000,000.

<sup>.</sup> A Book of Cheerful Cats, by J. G. Francis. (London : T. Fisher Unwin ) † The Cat: Bring My Experience of Poor Puss, by the Rev. J. G. Gardner. (London: W. Glaisher.)

#### A POETIC CALENDAR.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"A Calendar of Verses," a poem for every day of the year, has been put together by an anonymous compiler, and is furnished with an essay by Mr. Saintsbury (Percival and Co.). The poems are good: one month is assigned to each of twelve poets. The essay is most interesting. One might object that the poets are not the poets one might have chosen. It is almost a pity that if the moderns were to be represented they should not have had a month among them. There are probably thirty, each of whom could produce one good piece for each day. Probably some poets were not inclined to be selected-very naturally, for the Selector is a son of the horse-leech. Hence we have in the calendar no Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, or Austin Dobson, but Mr. William Morris rules a whole month by himself. He rules it royally, but, after all, there have been since Wordsworth died as great as he. Campion, too, has his place, and there may be readers who do not know how well Campion fills it. One may think Gray and Collins better names; Burns is certainly a far better name. But Gray and Collins were comparatively "barren rascals." Pope is, perhaps, not in fashion; to Dryden the same remark applies. There is not enough of Lovelace; Carew's post is better filled by Herrick; Burns may puzzle the Southron, and Campion does very well, though one might have preferred Pope. For the rest, there is everything to praise. Nobody can deny their rights to Shakspere, Spenser, Shelley, Wordsworth, Milton, Coleridge, Keats, Herrick, and Scott, though, perhaps, some may be rather indifferent to Byron, and it is certainly strange to omit Chaucer. Put Chaucer for Mr.

Morris (leaving all moderns out), and Burns or Pope for Campion, and no anthology could be better. However, this is not the Poetic Calendar of my private dream. As we have in the calendar of the Church a saint for every day, why should we not have for every day a poet? The writers who hate most to be dunned for selections would spare one piece to be in this immortal company. There are, I believe, poets enough to go round. We need not confine ourselves to England. We could begin with "the Ionian father of the rest," or the Æolic father, Homer, using Lord Tennyson's translation of the midnight scene by the watch fires and adding the Greek on the opposite page. We could have a gem from Alcman. from Archilochus, from Sappho, from Simonides. The fragments of the tragedians yield beautiful brief passages; or there is such a lyric piece as Hippolytus's address to Artemis, lyric in character

though not in structure. We might have a dirge from Pindar, a little rural picture from Theocritus, the farewell of Medea to her maiden days from Apollonius Rhodius, the Orphic song to Sleep, a jewel from Quintus Smyrnæus, another from Moschus, another from Bion. The Greek Anthology would yield poets for a month if they were needed, and all excellent, human, melodious, mirthful, or mournful. Then we have all Latin poetry to draw from-an ode of Horace, a picture from the sixth book of the Æneid, an etching from Juvenal, an epigram of Martial, a love-lay of Catullus, a landscape from Ausonius, a ringing phrase from Lucan, a compliment from Ovid. The French, too, could supply scores of poets, each with his song, merry or sad-a sonnet of Ronsard, a lyric of Du Bellay, a lament of Jacques Tahureau, a cameo of Gautier, a strain of Musset, a regret of Murger, a note of , a regret of Murger, a note of Victor Hugo, a strophe from a chorus of Racine, an old nameless pastourelle, a ballade of Villon and of Banville, a rondeau of Charles d'Orléans, a sonnet of Louise Labé a fantasy of Baudelaire, and so on, for the names that crowd on one are numberless. And Italy, too, has her uncounted poets-Dante, and all the circle of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, merely to speak of what is familiar. Spain and Portugal and Germany all bring their recruits; there are troubadours of Provence, there are sagamen of the North, there are the popular lays of Italy and modern Greece and Spain. I have seen a perfect little lay translated from some obscure Red Indian language, and Hindostan must surely yield something, and ancient Egypt had some beautiful hymns. Then, modern America is vocal: there are Poe, and Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant, N. P. Willis, and to count the living American poets is beyond even the memory of the Muses. As for ourselves, we could almost find a good piece by a separate poet for every day in the year. There are

old songs from before Chaucer's time, there are all the ballads, all the Scotch song-writers, as Lady Nairne and Mrs. Cockburn, each of whom has one really good piece. Then, besides the great names, there are the vast company of Elizabethans, the Jacobeans, the Caroline songsters-everybody whose halfforgotten glory owes so much to Mr. Bullen. early poets of the century-Lamb, Beddoes, Reynolds, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, Hogg, Laidlaw, Wolfe, Joanna Baillie, Stoddart: one gem, at least (and we only ask each for one), all of them could provide. As to the living, "the many and meritorious," no doubt we could nearly fill a whole calendar with quite good things of theirs, for even the least successful fancy crystallises into a ruby or a sapphire once in a lifetime. So I am encouraged to believe that three hundred and sixty-five good brief poems, or pieces, by three hundred and sixty-five separate authors, could easily be collected. This would be a real calendar, with its different saint for every day. The whole would remind us of the enormous quantity of delightful work which is to be found in this discontented world. It would be proved that the chef-d'œuvre is on a level with the chefd'œuvre, though the great poet produces many and the little poet, perhaps, only one. As a birthday-book, the scheme seems to tend towards the lucrative. The general standard of culture would be raised almost out of sight; we would "just make Culture hum." The idea, gentlemen and lady editors, is

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of poems on a certain theme, "Ballads of Rat-Hunting" let us call it. To this volume he contributed a good many pieces of his own composition. And now comes to him another col-

copyright-at least, if there be honour among Selectors. But there is not much delicacy in this feverish pursuit. Someone tells me that, a few years ago, he edited a collection



MR. HARRIS'S PASSPORT BEING EXAMINED AND READ IN PRESENCE OF AHMED FEIZI PASHA, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF YEMEN, AT SANAA.

lector, who is also putting together the songs of ratting, and asks leave to make use of my friend's. Why there should be two such books at all, why Paul (the earlier) should be robbed to pay Peter (the later), when any sportsman can find the stuff in the original book, is a problem which would baffle a philosopher. It is possible to overdo a good thing—if collections are good things.

The Marquis of Bute is nominated for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University, ex-Professor the Rev. Lewis Campbell withdrawing in his Lordship's favour. The election is on the fourth Thursday in November.

A special committee of the Manchester Town Council has issued its report, with counsel's opinion, on situation of the Manchester Ship Canal. It recommends that the Manchester Corporation obtain from Parliament power to advance two millions more, on debentures ranking with the first issue, but on condition of having the appointment of five additional directors of the Canal Company, and proportional voting power at shareholders' meetings.

At a Manchester town meeting, on Thursday, Oct. 27, presided over by the Mayor, to consider the question of bi-metallism," or making gold and silver, jointly, the legal standard of current money, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was the principal speaker, discussing the problem with great argumentative force and earnestly maintaining the opinion, which he held some years ago as a member of the Currency Commission, that bi-metallism is sound in principle, and that it is a practicable and adequate remedy for the intolerable financial difficulty of the Indian Government and for the distress occasioned to the English in India by the depreciation of silver in the European money market.

#### A JOURNEY THROUGH YEMEN.

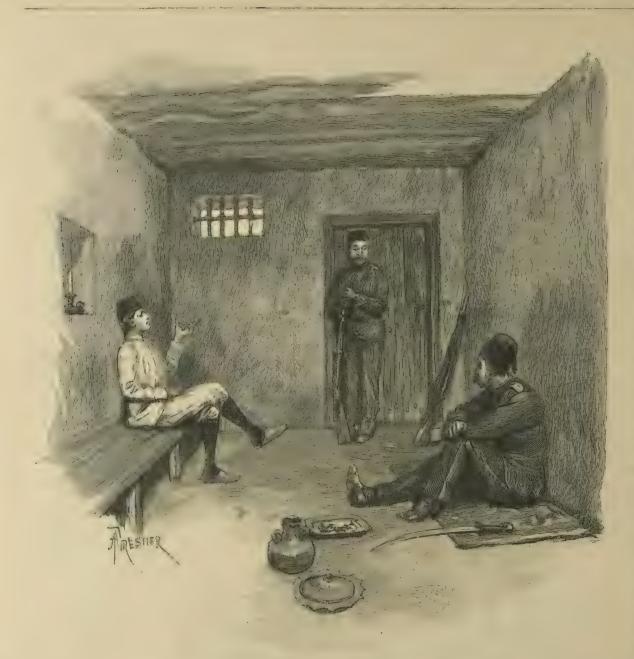
BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

VI.-WALAN TO SANAA.

Five hours of hot sun, a rest of an hour or so by the way, and in the far distance, shimmering over the stony plain, Sanaa came in sight. The city lies in the level valley, its extreme point on the lower part of a spur of Gibel Negoum. Although the soil showed signs of having at previous times been cultivated, this year the plain surrounding the city had been the site of many a battle between the Arabs and Turks, and the whole valley, except for one or two small patches, looked like a desert, except where, to the west of the city, we could see the tops of trees peeping over the high walls of gardens. On and on, the sun terrifically hot, we plodded, past the ruined village of Dar-es-Salaam-cruel mockery of its name-in which the Arabs had taken refuge after being driven from their position on Gibel Negoum, and which had been blown down by the Turkish artillery. Surrounding the city at various distances are towers, a few erected since the relief of the siege, armed with small guns. I am told that these towers were of great use during the attack, for the Arabs, armed only with spears and the most indifferent of native firearms, were, through the fire maintained from these little mud forts, held back from reaching the town walls. However, they were successful in blowing up more than one with gunpowder. A large gate, with circular flanking towers, led us into the city. Near here were drilling a disreputable troop of Turkish soldiers, whose uniforms and boots were, however, in better condition than those of the soldiers we had seen at Yerim and Dhamar. Passing through the gate, we entered a narrow street thronged

with Arabs and Turks. on each side of which were shops. The houses are high, built partly of stone and partly of mudbricks; but in this quarter they presented no particular feature. either architecturally or of wealthy appearance. Entering a large caravanserai, we left our animals on the ground floor and ascended by a staircase to the terrace. where a small chamber was put at my disposal. building was a large one, three storeys in height, and open through, the centre, the rooms on each floor overlooking the central court from galleries running round the four sides. At one time the place must have been a handsome building, but decay and dirt had done their work on every side, and a thick coating of white dust covered everything. Having paid off my camel-men, and got rid of the animals here, and leaving only Abdurrahman Said still in my service, I sauntered out on to the terrace, from which I obtained

a gorgeous view of the city and its surroundings. The scene presented resembled that of every Eastern town, except that the clustering together of the houses and the irregularity of the building were more apparent here than in most other places. Having, as it were, obtained my bearings of the place, I set out to report myself at headquarters, accompanied by my two men. Threading our way through the crowded bazaars, among shops full of old metalwork and silver jewellery, full of strange daggers and old silks, we entered an open square, on to which looked the principal mosque of Sanaa. Although a modern one, built by the Turks only a few years ago, the building is one of some pretensions to architectural beauty, but, unlike the old mosque of Sanaa, is built in Turkish style, with domes and minarets. Inquiring our way to the residence of the Governor-General of Yemen, we were pointed out a large Arab building, and accosting an officer at the door, I reported my arrival, and asked to be allowed to see the Governor. Ascending a wide stone staircase, I was left by my guide in an ante-room full of officers in uniform, while he informed one of the aides-decamp of my presence. I was almost immediately summoned before the Governor-General. I found myself in a large room, at one end of which, seated on a divan, was Ahmed Feizi Pasha himself. He is a handsome man, with white beard and moustache, and was dressed in the full uniform of a Turkish general. After salaams, a chair was brought for me to sit down upon, and, speaking in Arabic, I informed him that I was an Englishman coming from Aden, and unconnected in any way with the Government. I then presented my passport, dated Foreign Office, London, Oct. 16, 1891, made out for the Ottoman dominions, and bearing the vizé of the Turkish Consul-General in London. His Excellency, being unable to read English, sent for an Armenian who spoke and read French



MR. W. B. HARRIS 'IN PRISON AT SANAA, YEMEN.

and understood the wording of my papers well enough to interpret to the Governor-General. I had watched his Excellency's face with interest, to see in what spirit he would receive me, but I was quite taken aback when, showing the most extreme irritation, after declaring I was come to make maps of the country, he ordered a couple of officers to escort me at once to the guard-room. The order was given in Turkish and translated into French by the Armenian. Two soldiers at once stepped forward, and one, laying a hand on my shoulder, bade me follow him. This I at once did, accompanied by my servants, and a few minutes later was securely confined in a guard-room on the first floor of a building, the lower part of which served as a prison. Meanwhile, my servants were taken back before his Excellency and severely cross-questioned. Abdurrahman, good Muslim that he is, and incapable of speaking a word of any language except Arabic, was accused of being an Englishman in disguise, and was obliged to go through many formula of religion, &c., before it was believed that he was a native of Morocco, a country the officials had never heard of. Said's nationality could not be doubted. He was a Yemeni sure enough, but, together with the other, was marched off to confinement on account of his being in such bad company.

The room in which I was imprisoned was a small square chamber, tolerably clean, with whitewashed walls and a boarded floor. Along one side ran a wooden divan, roughly covered with chintz. I was refused permission to go to the caravanseral to fetch my baggage, which was sent for and searched before being handed over to me. However, I had wisely given my Kodak camera into the charge of Abdurrahman, who had cleverly kept it concealed below his flowing garments; otherwise I should have lost the photographs that I was able to bring back with me. For four days I remained imprisoned in the guard-room. Had it not been that on the fourth night I was taken violently ill with fever, I should not

make, except that the indignity was annoying, especially as it was taken advantage of by Turkish soldiers, and I was at times made an object of ridicule and abuse. That such was meant to be apparent to me will be easily understood when, knowing that I spoke no Turkish, their jokes and gibes were made in Arabic. However, only on occasion was I treated with any roughness, when an Arab sentry at the door roughly pushed me back into the room on my wishing to speak to a Turkish officer standing close by in the dirty yard. The first night of my imprisonment I was allowed to spend alone, but securely locked in; on the succeeding nights two soldiers, apparently noncommissioned officers, shared my small apartment-a couple of dirty creatures, who slept in their uniforms. On these occasions also the door

have much complaint to

was locked on the outside. For exercise I was allowed out in charge of a guard, though my walks led me generally in the direction they chose. Until the fourth day my imprisonment was merely annoying, except that the water and sanitary arrangements were very bad; but on the fourth evening I was taken violently ill with fever, and suffered exceedingly. That afternoon I had had a second interview with H.E. Ahmed Feizi Pasha, in a handsome room in his private house. I asked his Excellency why I was thus detained in prison, and he replied that my presence was not satisfactory, and that I was confined to the guard-room for fear the Arabs might do me harm! He was outwardly more pleasant than he had been on the previous occasion, and conversed with me on the subject of the rebellion, after I had told him one of my objects was to correspond for the newspapers. However, my condition was in no ways bettered, for from his presence I was again escorted by soldiers and again confined in the guard-room.

About six o'clock my first attack of fever came on, and by midnight I was in great suffering with the violence of the seizure, but managed to get to sleep about 1 a.m. Before dawn I was awakened to be told that mules and a guard were waiting to take me to the coast. Still very unwell, I crept out of bed and sat on the floor while my luggage was being packed and the necessary letters and orders were being issued for my removal to the coast. It was on this ride out of Sanaa-for I took advantage of having to pass though the city to make a détourthat I saw more than I had previously done of the place. I was able, by buying various little things for the journey, to visit the bazaars, a great semicircle of buildings divided and subdivided by a number of narrow streets. The shops-the mere Eastern box-are all of one storey in height, the owners living in the residential quarter, and only visiting this commercial part during the hours of purchase and sale, generally the early mornings and the afternoons. Between the Government buildings and the bazaars are some larger shops belonging to Turks, and a few to Levantine Greeks, who have, too, adopted the red fez and become Turkish subjects. Beyond the bazaar we passed the great mosque, an Arab building, the enormous courtyard surrounded by a high wall, and two dilapidated minarets dominating the whole. Passing on through the residential quarters, we crossed the river by a bridge: at this time the watercourse was completely dry, but I am told that during the rainy season it becomes a roaring torrent. The view here is most picturesque. From the bridge one looks to right and left along the river-bed, the banks on each side crowned with tall, well-built houses, the residences of the rich Arabs. After crossing an open space of ground we entered the Jews' quarter, entirely separated from the principal part of the city. The houses here much resemble those of the poor class of Arab residences. The Jews of Sanaa possess the usual cunning look typical of the tribe all through the



MOSQUE AT SANAA, AS SEEN FROM THE PRISON WINDOW.



VILLAGE OF DAR-ES-SALAAM, AFTER BOMBARDMENT BY THE TURKS.

Orient, and their personal appearance is not enhanced by the fact that they leave two long locks of hair, which hang from above each ear in wavy curls. Passing out of the Jews' quarter one enters the suburb of the Bir el Azib, where, scattered about in walled gardens, are villas, several of those belonging to Turks being built in European style and possessing glass windows. At the extreme end of this quarter is a gate in the fortified wall that completely surrounds the city.

Five days earlier, in the best of health, exhilarated by the excitement of my journey, in spite of the rebellion, of danger, and of discomfort, I had entered Sanaa. To-day I left it, weary and worn-out with fever, by the orders of the Governor-General, a prisoner in the hands of Turkish soldiers, in spite of the fact that I bore a passport drawn up for the "Ottoman dominions," and vizéd, in which are the words "request and require, in the name of her Majesty, all those whom it may concern to allow . . . him . . . to pass freely, without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need." Such, then, is the value of a British passport in Turkish Yemen.

#### THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

When it was rumoured, a few days ago, that her Majesty had fallen into a restless state of indisposition, was suffering from insomnia, and the like, the report seemed not improbable by some who had marked a certain piece of news that was published about the same time. Miss Marsden had been giving the Queen an account of her mission to one of the leper districts of Siberia; and she afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty, when it may be supposed that more was heard, by little and little, of the horrors endured by the outcasts to whom Miss Marsden has devoted her life. Merely to read of those horrors is torture enough for any humane mind. But to hear of them face to face with one who speaks as an eye-witness is much more; and

it happens that the Queen is extremely and lingeringly sensitive to such pictures as Miss Marsden had to present. No doubt they were veiled; but we know how readily such wrappings and disguises are pierced by a keenly imaginative sympathy, and it would be a wonder if, with her exceeding sensitiveness, the Queen had not been more or less "upset" by Miss Marsden's terrible narrations.

Miss Marsden's book is being hurried through the press, and when it appears the world will know what dreadful tales she has to tell of the Siberian lepers. And then, no doubt, she will have all the help she asks for, over and above that which the Russian Government is willing to afford, which will be a good thing to chronicle.

But while we rejoice at her success (which she has done everything to deserve) do not let us forget that, unhappily, there are other lepers whom Englishmen and Englishwomen are equally bound to care for. They live in India among our own people, these other lepers; and they are so numerous, and their condition is so distressing, that a fund for their relief was opened some time ago, and remains open still, for the frightful malady they are subject to is spreading.

H.M.S. Apollo was not long since ripped upon a rock in such a way that she must have foundered forthwith but for the fact that (like all the larger ships in the Queen's Navy) she was constructed with an inner skin of steel; but that was not quite all that saved her. Investigation of the damage showed that she had been built in every bolt and bracket with the soundest and most thorough workmanship, which held at all points where it was possible to hold. Now, the Apollo was turned out at Chatham Dockyard, which,

considering some other accidents that have happened to her Majesty's ships of late, seems to be well worth chronicling.

A discovery of the highest importance has been revealed to the Times by a Dr. Aitchison. It seems that any child whose either eye is afflicted with hypermetropia at birth (hypermetropia being a squint, in effect) is in peril of growing up to commit all the crimes of Thomas Neill. That tremendous criminal himself might have led a blameless life had not the optical axis of his left eye been too short, the demoralising consequence of which was that the rays of light never focussed perfectly on the retina. Now, "a child suffering from this defect unconsciously puts a great strain on the accommodation in trying to correct it. Convergence follows, and, as years go on, this strain is found to cause headaches and nervous pains, especially when the eyes are used much for study," as we are reminded that poor Thomas Neill's were. Then sedative drugs become necessary; they are taken to excess; the moral sense disappears; and we go

metropic youths from the dangers that await them. squint and then the use of sedative drugs have produced selves in ways that are startling and repulsive." Would it do any good if some dramatist of the Ibsen school were to take hypermetropia up and present its fateful workings on the

about committing crimes of the most atrocious character. All this through being born with a squint, which Mr. Aitchison could have corrected in no time had we been taken to him in infancy or early childhood! Neill applied too late; and hence the murder of Matilda Clover. However, there is time to rescue many of England's hyperfor them, too, it may soon be too late. Mr. Aitchison has known "hundreds of cases"-he alone-in which first the changes in the moral nature which sometimes evidence themstage? "The Neglected Squint!" It would make a good



subject-admitting every conceivable sort of horror as strictly sequent and natural, and tending to the purgation of society by the easiest means. There is, perhaps, no mind so shallow as to be unable to carry from the theatre so simple a moraland yet how old it is !-as "Mind your eye."

Apprehensive that cholera may invade this island yet, the Times is inquiring into the sanitary condition of our "ports of entry," with the result, so far, that we seem to have been congratulating ourselves rather too much on our superior precautions. Says the writer of these papers, "Had I a taste for 'shocking revelations,' I could horrify all England by describing the extent and character of the slums on the Wear and Tyne. Those who talk glibly about the insanitary condition of foreign towns and the superiority of our own have no real acquaintance with either. For squalid filth, poverty, degraded habits, and all the things that go to make up slum life we stand alone. Compared with Hull, Sunderland, Shields, Tynemouth, and all our old seaports, Hamburg

is a model city." Is that quite what we expected to hear, or anything like it? But our informant proceeds to give particulars which go far to justify his statements; and yet he does not tell all, because "I have seen a state of things," in one place, at least, "the full details of which are quite unfit for publication." After this, it would be a mercy if someone would write to the Home Secretary, and ask him whether he is in the habit of reading the outer or advertisement sheet of the Times. That is where these reports appear, and the Government authorities ought on no account to miss them. Another revelation is also to the purpose. Preston has long been remarkable for a prodigiously high death-rate. At last some busybody pretended that he had discovered the cause of this painful singularity. It was that diseased meat which cannot be sold anywhere else is sent

to Preston, where it always finds an active market. On inquiry, it turns out that the accuser's statement is true beyond all conception.

A very curious statement was made by Mr. Ludlow, Registrar of Friendly Societies, in his evidence before the Labour Commission the otherday. Asked whether he could tell anything about the amusements of the working classes when he "first met them" (fifty years ago), Mr. Ludlow replied that "a large number did not know how to amuse themselves in the least." As for that, however, "a large number" of persons in all classes do not know how to amuse themselves to this day. But Mr. Ludlow went on to say that in those times there was a "surprising inability among genuine workmen to understand fun at all." If the managers of the Working Men's College "gave them something very humorous they did not understand it, and they really had to be educated into a sense of humour." There have been many changes for the better in the artisan classes since the Working Men's College was founded, no doubt; but the new generation should not be asked to believe that up to that period British workmen did not know how to amuse themselves as well as other people, that they had no understanding of fun, and that they had to be educated into a sense of humour. Some kinds of humour they were unable to enjoy, most of them, no doubt, just as at this moment large numbers of well-educated and intellectual people yawn over Jane Austen's novels in sheer weariness of looking for the fun of them; but the special and particular dulness that Mr. Ludlow would have us believe in is surely a mistake. Its explanation, perhaps, is much the same as

that which accounted for the alleged stupidity of the rural population. Many a shrewd country labourer passes for a mindless lout among the superior persons of his parish for no other reason than that he prefers a character for stupidity to the risk of "giving himself away." Possibly the first attendants at the Working Men's College did not exactly know what men of higher cultivation expected them to laugh at, or where their laughter might not tell against them. But as to English artisans having no sense of fun till after the Corn Laws were repealed, where could such a statement be ventured except before a Royal Commission?

The Gonville and Caius College Mission of Cambridge University men to work for the benefit and instruction of the poor in Battersea opened its new building in Harroway Road on Saturday, Oct. 29, aided personally by the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Erskine Clarke, Vicar of Battersea, the Archdeacon of Southwark, and other clergy.

#### ART NOTES.

The exhibition of Mr. Charles Robertson's water-colour drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery coincides with the anniversary of his death, and the collection here brought together shows how much the poorer is English art by this premature loss. From his birth Charles Robertson was associated with sunlight and bright costumes, for he was born at Aix, in Provence, and passed much of his early life in Egypt. It was in Alexandria and Cairo that he got his earliest and his best inspirations. Year by year his work acquired strength and inspirations. Year by year his work acquired strength and improved in harmony; but, unlike many artists, having made himself known as a painter in oils, he abandoned that medium and hecame famous as one of the most recent, but by no means the least distinguished, of the members of the old Water-Colour Society. The hundred and twenty nictures by which the least distinguished, of the members of the old Water-Colour Society. The hundred and twenty pictures by which Charles Robertson is represented in the present exhibition show the growth of his powers, for at his early death, in his forty-seventh year, his talent was still maturing. The pictures here, however, are, in truth, a record of his life and travels in Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, in Spain and Italy, and among the more familiar scenes of our own country. Frankly speaking, Robertson was more at home in the East than in the West. Nothing can exceed in pureness of touch and richness of colour the "Carpet Bazaar" (84) or the "Damascus Story-Teller" (94). Such works as the "Wall of Wailing" (14) at Jerusalem or the "Serpent-Charmer" (32) show the more dramatic side of his art; while in such minute studies as those of "Cow Parsley" (76) and an "Almshouse Porch" (65) we realise the infinity of pains he was wont to bestow upon his work. As an exponent of South Devon, and in general of English scenery, Robertson is not to be seen at his best. He liked bright effects and sharp outlines, not the mysteries of our moist atmosphere.

The detractors of the art teaching at the Royal Academy Schools have only too frequently had some reason for their complaints. It is, therefore, only fair that the teachers at that institution should have credit—when they have earned it. The sixteen heads by Mr. G. E. Moira exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery under the title of "Types of Female Beauty" would have attracted notice under most conditions; but at his work of an Academy student who has not yet, yet finished his would have attracted notice under most conditions; but as the work of an Academy student who has not yet finished his course they are full of promise and interest. The freedom of touch and boldness of colour are not less noteworthy than the absence of mannerism and monotony, which might have been expected under the conditions prescribed. Mr. Moira, in reply to the request to furnish two ideal heads of women, sent the whole sixteen, and the Director of the Fine Art Society wisely decided to exhibit them all. decided to exhibit them all.

The Slade Professorship at University College, London, is to become vacant at Christmas, and already there are at is to become vacant at Christmas, and already there are at least half-a-dozen competitors for a post which is worth £300 per annum and should involve a great deal of hard work. Among the candidates are two Academicians, Mr. J. E. Hodgson and Mr. Ycames, both very worthy men without doubt, but if they are endowed with special gifts of teaching they already have a scope for their talents in the Academy schools. Another candidate is the Hon. John Collier, who some time back wrote an excellent handbook of painting which had the arres morit of being definite without being degratic the rare merit of being definite without being dogmatic.
Mr. Oswald von Glehn is as yet scarcely enough known in the art world for his claims to be publicly canvassed, but Mr. F. Brown, the head master of the Westminster School of Art, has given evidence by his own work, as well as by the of Art, has given evidence by his own work, as well as by the success of the pupils whom during the last fifteen years he has launched upon the world, that he has not only ideas of his own, but the faculty of infusing zeal in others. Of all the postulants for the post, he has the most sympathy with the better school of French art, which attempts to grasp the subtleties of nature and to treat them pictorially. As a mere draughtsman, he is, perhaps, inferior to Mr. Yeames, whose recent work especially has shown very noteworthy growth; but it is a question which the council of the college will have seriously to consider whether the teaching of the Royal Academy is such that it needs another field for its exercise. The experience of our South Kensington schools under its former director hardly warrants the risk of repetition.

After a prolonged absence, Miss Rowe has returned to her post as manager of the School of Art Wood-Carving at South Kensington, which owes much of its efficiency to her unremitting devotion. Under her direction the art, which at one time flourished nowhere more conspicuously than in this country, bids fair to recover some of its former prestige. The City and Guilds of London Institute has recognised the claims of art-carving as a branch of technical education, and has endowed twelve free studentships for the benefit of those who intend to earn their living by wood-carving. These studentships are open to those who follow either the day or evening classes, and one or two are now vacant, and are open to those who have passed the second grade art examination of the Science and Art Department.

The excavations undertaken by Dr. Charles Waldstein on behalf of the American School at Athens have resulted in some more than ordinarily interesting discoveries. The spot chosen for exploration was a spur of Mount Eubœa, lying between the ancient cities of Mycenæ and Argos, where once stood the Heraion, or Temple of Hera. Traces of two buildings, one rising on the charred ruins of the other, were discovered, and some four or five hundred objects which were deemed worthy of transmission to the central museum at Athens, while a still larger number were left at Argos. Dr. Waldstein, in his interesting report on the work, thinks that nothing was found which could be attributed to a later date than the fifth century B.C., while many articles were certainly much older. The most beautiful, as well as the most perfect, treasure was a Parian marble head of Hera—life-size—the The excavations undertaken by Dr. Charles Waldstein on treasure was a Parian marble head of Hera—life-size—the work either of Polykleitos or of the school of Argos when under the influence of the artist who established the ideal type of Hera in this temple.

A new specific cure for cholera, called "periodate crystals." invented by an English chemist, has been successfully tried in the Seamen's Hospital at Hamburg and in the bacteriological

The work of restoring Rochester Cathedral, at a cost of from £10,000 to £15,000, has been undertaken by a committee, who held a meeting at the Mansion House on Oct. 27, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Davies, M.P., supported by the Bishop of Rochester and several influential persons.

A French steamer, the Louvre, employed in the coasting trade to Bayonne, was wrecked on the night of Oct. 27 off the Point of Penmarche, in Finisterre; seventeen men were drowned. A Norwegian mail steamer, the Statsrad Riddersvold, on the same night, in a blinding snowstorm, went ashore on the coast of Norway, and was wrecked, but without loss of life.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. A C (Manchester), G F R (Cheltenham), M O'S (Limerick), and J H HARRISON (Weedon),—If P to B 3rd, P takes B (hecoming a Kt) (dis ch), and Mate is the

If W A (Birkenhead).—If Black play 1, B takes Kt, White continues with 2, Q to B sq (ch), K moves; 3, B or Kt mates.

stiten, k moves; a bot k make.

F WALLER (Luton).—Very fair, but the first move must be limited to one square in the main play. In a variation such a defect would not invalidate the problem. J. Thounton.—Look at the problem again. There is much more in it than you have subsessed.

F HARRIS. Much obliged for game. Your solution of Problem No. 2530 is wide of

THM (Ipswich).—The book is not yet published. Mr. Freeborough, Parliament Street, Hull, can give you the information. PROBLEMS received with thanks from G II Ansell, F A Hollway (Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.), and G Douglas Angas (Neswick).

Much., U.S.A.), and G Douglas Angas (Neswick).

ORRECT SOLUTIONS of PROBLEMS NOS. 5318 to 2521 received from William Allnutt
(Richmond, Tasmania); of No. 2525 from Surgeon-Captain R Anderson (Busca
Bhutan); of No. 2528 from F A Hollway and B W La Mothe (New York); of
No. 2529 from F A Hollway and J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2539 from B W La
Mothe and Vi (Turkey); of No. 2531 from M A Eyre (Bonlognet, Vi), E G Boys
Wi Phillips, B Spicer, H Schreiber, G Stonehouse, E II Whinfield, and Captain
J A Challice (Graet Yarmouth); of No. 2532 from W H Phillips, E II Whinfield,
Captain J A Challice, T G (Ware), J F Moon, Bluet, Watter W Hooper (Plymouth),
It Worters (Canterbury), E G Boys, and Lleweilyn Morgan (Liverpool).

ORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2533 received from Joseph Willcock (Chester), E II Whinfield, R Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), and Dr F Sc.

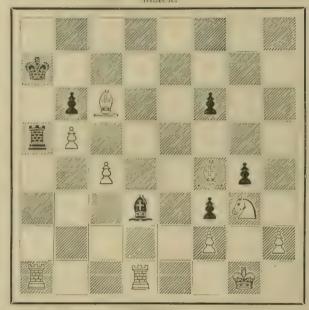
NOTE.—Many correspondents propose a solution of this problem by way of LQR to Q sth, and L B takes B. The reply to the former move is L B to Q 4th, and to the latter LQ to K 3rd. We may also point out that the defence to Q takes B is Kt to B 3rd.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2531.-By R. H. SEYMOUR. WHITE.

1. Kt to Kt 3rd

2. Mates accordingly. Any move.

> PROBLEM No. 2535. By B. W. LA MOTHE (New York). BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. L. VAN VLIET and Mr. COBURN.

	(King's Gam	ibit declined.)	
WYTHING (Mrs. W.)	DY LOW (Mr. C)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	DILOG (No C)
WHITE (Mr. V.)			BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P to Q 5th	B to Kt 4th
P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	14. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
B: Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	15. P to K 5th	
LP to QB 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	The beginning of a	very pretty com
The best move	for Black in this	bination.	
osition.	TOT DINCK IN CITIES	15.	K Kt takes P
B to Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	16. B takes P (ch)	
B. P to Q 4th	P'takes P	If K takes B, 17. Kt	
P takes P		Kt 3rd; 18. Q to Kt 4tl	h, and wins.
B. Castles		17. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd
		18. Q to Kt 4th	
Unnecessary; bet	ter to have played	19. P to B 5th	
t to B 3rd at once	3.		
B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	If Ptakes P, White m	ates in two moves.
B to B 2nd		20, R takes Kt	R to R 5th
l. K to R sq		21. Q to R 3rd	
2. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 3rd	22. Kt to K 6th (ch)	
		On O to D Oak (al)	
Black Bas already	the inferior game, lowing move do not	24. B to Kt 6th (ch)	
nt this and the rol	nowing move do not	25. D to 12 0 0 11 (CII)	
end to improve his	position.	25. Q to R 7th (ch)	Resigns.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Mr. FAZAN and Mr. CRESWELL.

(Blackmar Gambit.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
P to Q 4th
P takes P
Kt to Q B 3rd
Kt to K B 3rd
Kt takes K P
P to K 4th 6. B to Q 3rd

White gains nothing by B takes Kt, owing to the check by Q at R 5th. 7. Kt to K B 3rd 8. Castles P to K B 4th P takes P P to K R 3rd 9. P takes P

Kt takes Q P, followed by B to B 4th, if White replies B takes Kt, looks promising, but is probably unsound. In actual play the variations would be difficult to work out.

10. Kt to Q B 3rd 11. K to R sq 12. B to Q B 4th 13. Kt to K 5th

Complications such as Kt to Kt 3rd result from Kt takes Q B P. 17. 18. Q to K 2nd 19. Kt takes Kt 20. B to B 4th A very awkward position for Black White, who now has a fine game throatens Kt to Kt 6th. The attack is carried to a speedy and brilliant con clusion in White's well-known style. 21. Q to R 5th (ch) K to Q sq
22. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to Q 2nd
23. Q R to B sq B to Q 3rd
24. Kt takes B P to K Kt 3rd
25. Q takes R P R takes Kt
White mates in two moves.

At a meeting of the committee of the Ealing Chess Club the first prize for last year's tournament was awarded to Mr. Sydney Meynott. Rules were drawn up for the regulation of the coming tournament, which commences on Noy, I. Several patches are also in contamplation and mences on Nov. I. Several matches are also in contemplation, and new members will be cordially welcomed. The club meets at Victoria Hall, Ealing, every Tuesday evening. Intending members are invited to send their names to the honorary secretary, the Rev. Francis Bishop, Courtfield Condens University.

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#### A TRANSVAAL TRAGEDY.

There is a long line of landscape—plains of parched grass, above which the heat-mirage dances lastingly. Here and there, at the horizon, rises a purple, table-topped kopje, cut off at its base by a cloud of vapour. A thousand sheep are dotting a dip, in charge of a half-clad Hottentot herd, whose solitary song rises and renders him the skylark of the spot.

This song is alone heard by a white man, who pauses in the midst of the parched plains. He takes out a paper from his shirt and commences to read. It is the Government Gazette of the country. The face studying the Gazette is very brown, well

the country. The face studying the Gazette is very brown, well cut, keen eyed, yet melancholy, and thick grizzled locks showed from beneath his sombrero. He reads aloud to the air—a habit with solitary travellers-

NOTICE.

The sum of £50 sterling been deposited with the undersigned (through his Excellency the Governor of the Cape Colony) for the purpose of erecting a tombstone over the remains of one William Handyside, who died this year of fever in the Low Country, any information as to where the said William Handyside was buried will be received by me at my office.

District of Zoutpansberg.

Pietersburg October 1891.

Pietersburg, October 1891.

Pietersburg, October 1891.

William Handyside put away the paper and undid his blanket. From within its folds he took out a razor and soap, and filled a tin pannikin from his water-bottle. The water in the pannikin served for a looking-glass, and the shave commenced. Next, from within the blanket he unrolled a heavy corduroy coat. He put this on over the grey shirt, and brightened up his face by folding a red silk handkerchief about his neck. "It was well," he commented, "I did not let that Hottentot have the handkerchief for a meal of porridge this morning. I am now equal to interviewing the magistrate, or the Governor himself." He hid the blanket and utensils within a hollowed-out ant-heap (which a former wayfarer had used as an oven for baking a fowl fortunately caught with baited hook and line at a Boer's farmhouse), and in doing so muttered, "Well, I shall hardly want them again. He must give me the money." Then Bill Handyside strode over the stubbly veldt towards where lay the village of Pietersburg, six miles off. The small white sun glared down upon him from the high heaven; the heat of the red ground penetrated through the worn soles of his veldtschoenen; the water-bottle was empty, and no pool was nigh; yet Handyside felt fairly happy and serene, for, even at thirty-five, that £50 advertised in the Gazette would mean a new start, and the prodigal knew where to place it profitably. A rich gold-bearing claim could be bought (for the diggers were short of license money) in a property which was certain to be floated for a high figure when the anticipated "boom" set in. Handyside—after fifteen years' wandering—would return to England and the fatted calf would be killed. "And I shall see my dear little nieces, the children of my favourite sister, who has always trusted in me and hoped in me!" he exclaimed. This vision seemed as glorious as the sunshine. In his happiness the man spared a brown snake that coiled near his path.

The heat-enveloped village—pitched on a parched flat for the sake of a solitary st

The heat-enveloped village—pitched on a parched flat for the sake of a solitary stream—at length came in view: a few blocks of white-walled houses spread out over a mile,

the sake of a solitary stream—at length came in view: a few blocks of white-walled houses spread out over a mile, emphasised by dusky and stunted gum-trees. Desolate as death, and scarcely a sound arising from its sandy thoroughfares.

Handyside was shortly in the main street—a depth of sand—and he passed the large canteen with deep desire for a cooling draught of Bass. "But," said he to himself, "I must be economical with this luck—at last economical." He reached the mean, stuccoed courthouse on the bare market square, and asked for the magistrate. A huge, uniformed Zulu, armed with knobkerrie and spears, showed him into a dark back-office, where the chief official of the district sat at a green-baized table. He appeared a heavy and obtuse man.

"I am William Handyside," explained the wayfarer, indicating the notice in the Gazette.

"Ah! you want that tombstone erected, I suppose," answered the magistrate, vacantly.

"Yet I don't see what else is to be done," was the reply.

"Let me make plain what else is to be done, Sir. The £50, of course, was sent out by my father under the misapprehension that I had died. Well, I want you to give me the money instead of the monument. At this moment £50 means fortune," and the claimant earnestly explained what use he intended to make of the amount, and proved his identity.

The magistrate searched in a drawer amoug his papers.

"There is one difficulty in the way of doing this," he said kindly. "Let me read you the letter—'... But if by any chance it should occur that the said William Handyside, my son, is not dead, and seeing the notice he should claim the money, then I hereby strictly direct that no shilling of it be

son, is not dead, and seeing the notice he should claim the money, then I hereby strictly direct that no shilling of it be handed over to him, to provide him with the means for further

dissoluteness of the same character that has caused me to act towards him with past sternness and to harden my heart."

"My father writes that!" commented Handyside, bitterly.

"And you will not—seeing what an opportunity for wealth and a wiser way of living is here—act on your own authority,

had led him.
"I will," said Handyside, grimly. "I ask my father for

"I will," said Handyside, grimly. "I ask my father for bread, and he gives me a stone."

The magistrate eyed his departing visitor suspiciously. Then he called to the Kaffir to get his pony saddled.

Handyside left the courthouse. He felt behind at his leather belt, to assure himself that his revolver was safe in its case. And he proceeded back that six weary miles to the ant-heap, full of more weary thought.

The sun sank, the stars came out, the legs of the cicadæ chirricked incessantly in the grasses. Otherwise, all was still

chirricked incessantly in the grasses. Otherwise, all was still near the ant-heap. Only a man's hands were steadily tearing up pieces of paper, that fluttered away whitely into the darkness. Letters from his sister and—his love, a love long lost. "I ask for bread, and he offers me a stone," Handyside again "Better that the supposed dead should be deadsister has already experienced her anguish. They will never know how it happened.

To a listener, unabsorbed with his own case, there might have seemed to be the sound of a horse's hoofs coming across

The cry of a jackal was borne down with the wind. Handyside moved his hand to the long revolver, and drew it from its case. A pause—a moment later the light of a star was greenly glinting along the smooth barrel, now held against the man's forehead.

Then a voice—the voice of the magistrate—came sharply through the darkness: "For the sake of Almighty God, don't! I will lend you that fifty pounds."

CLAYTON BENNETT.







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# HORTICULTURE AND THE PRESS.

BY A HORTICULTURAL PRESSMAN

Editors may be surprised to learn that they are charged with neglecting one of the greatest and most popular interests of this country. The accusation threatens a special boast of our Press, which is believed to survey not only all the business of civilised mankind, but even its amusements. Holding the position I do, however, as a journalist by profession, whose leisure is spent in gardening or among gardeners, amateur and expert, I know too well that this claim is challenged—too well, because complainants urge me constantly to take up their well, because complainants urge me constantly to take up their grievance. It is not a welcome task, though no one could be more convinced that the indifference of the great daily papers towards horticulture is not only unjust but unwise. Time will bring the remedy, however. It is not to be hoped that the present generation of editors will see the error of their ways. But already, within my own experience, there is much improvement. Nevertheless, I am driven to write at length.

improvement. Nevertheless, I am driven to write at length.

Horticulturists declare that you may look through the morning papers, week after week, and find no allusion—not so much as a line in nonpareil—to their concerns. Every little incident of trade throughout the world is noted, though it be one that interests only a unit here or there among the myriads of readers. Is the gardening trade so unimportant? Room can be found for the speech of any third-rate politician, in summary at least; but the address of a great horticulturist, the proceedings of a conference, go unreported. If a trade dispute arise, though but a small section of the public care for the issue, it is treated with lavish disregard of space. But these things are business, which makes the raison d'être of our serious Press, as everybody recognises, though some cannot but think that editors are wrong in assuming that all business must be equally important. In any case, articles and paragraphs abound which have wrong in assuming that all business must be equally important. In any case, articles and paragraphs abound which have no such justification; but where will you see a reference to gardening? Take any of the great papers to-morrow and reckon up the space which is devoted to events and persons and themes neither important in themselves nor interesting to the public. Journalists who have no share in the editorial work often wonder how scores of paragraphs "get in"—at least, I do. They hear of a nightly struggle in the small hours, when a choice must be made among the heaps of miscellaneous copy, and they know how many articles stand over for want of room; but when the issue appears they find a quantity of matter which no one in particular cares to learn. If all that were omitted, the blank would be surprising. But it is no exaggeration to say, if we accept Dr. Johnson's famous rule, that horticulture never finds a place. Anything whatsoever is preferred before that. In fact, nobody seems to think of it. And yet, can one interest or amusement be named which commands so much attention from so many of those who read the morning paper?

Regard it only as a matter of trade. Millions of money are

from so many of those who read the morning paper?

Regard it only as a matter of trade. Millions of money are invested, and the number of dealers, the amount of capital, grows year by year at a pace constantly quickening. I have before me at this moment a circular which was addressed to many of my readers, doubtless, by the same post. It tells how a firm of horticultural auctioneers have found it necessary to enlarge their premises because—mark this!—their sales of Dutch bulbs mounted last year to twelve tons a week, and with more room they will increase the business! This firm has no monopoly—there is one which would challenge its claim to be foremost. And at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow—all the great centres of population, each in its

degree-similar marvels could be found. Is not such a trade worth notice from time to time when an incident befalls?

worth notice from time to time when an incident befalls?

Take another point of view. A grower—call him nurseryman, if you like—told me the origin of his fortune one day. Through his Italian correspondent he learned that the crop of winter lettuce in Naples was threatened—it is twenty years ago. Straightway he "cornered" English seed so far as his means permitted. Then he hurried to Naples, with all the money he could raise, and made his corner there. Everyone knows that lettuce is almost a necessary of life in Southern Europe. The crop there failed utterly, elsewhere it was poor, and he "held" enough seed to drive it up to famine price. Lucky it was for this enterprising gentleman that "Our Own Correspondent" looks down upon such news as the failure of the lettuce crop; but many a poor market-gardener in England the lettuce crop; but many a poor market-gardener in England had cause to bewail that lordly indifference.

It is answered that the horticultural interest has organs of its own. Doubtless, and so has every other interest; but none of them can dispense with the daily paper. Those journals which deal with the commercial business of their oraft, whatever it may be, must necessarily be expensive by comparison, for their circulation is small; the cheap ones must take another line. No gardening periodical appeals to the great public, which thinks how much a penny a week comes to at the year's end; but the morning paper it must have. I do not propose that the Times or the Standard should give a column, or even a paragraph, to "Gardening of the Week," to budding roses or pruning fruit-trees, and so forth. But the editor might find space for a trees, and so forth. But the editor might find space for a report when anything of importance occurs—such space as he grants to little trade disputes which concern not one in the thousand of his readers; nine hundred in a thousand feel concern for gardening. And they belong to the classes which a sagacious editor is anxious to satisfy. Some of those gentlemen truly have but a vague notion of the matters which are important in this line. The editor of a leading review, to which I contribute sometimes—upon very different subjects, however—asked me to send in a paragraph when anything

important in this line. The editor of a leading review, to which I contribute sometimes—upon very different subjects, however—asked me to send in a paragraph when anything really worth notice happened. Two very striking events occurred within the next few days, as it chanced. I duly forwarded my comments. In reply, the editor reminded me of his condition—something really worth notice.

Everyone knows how vast is the importation of plants and seeds and bulbs from the Continent—the astounding quantity of the last-named I have already suggested. English farmers are reproached without ceasing for the indolence and carelessness which encourage the foreigner to send millions' worth of eggs and poultry and so on to this country year by year; but the other business, which is not beneath comparison by any means, passes unnoticed. Horticulturists also are aware that the foreign grower contributes a very great majority of those improved strains and new varieties which his English agent passes off, and our public guilelessly accepts, as triumphs of native skill. They comfort themselves generally with a belief that climate gives the alien this advantage, careless whether it be the climate of France, Belgium, or Germany: they are somewhat unlike, if you think of it; but these good fellows do not think. It may be recalled, nevertheless, that Mr. Thiselton-Dyer described our climate to the Royal Society as the despair and envy of gardeners throughout the universe, and the director of Kew should know. Instances enough of British success in this line could be cited to make one doubt the explanation, were it inherently probable; but I have no wish to advertise certain firms, which, in truth, need no advertisement. One case, however, may be given. For

many years after the art of forcing lilies-of-the-valley had been discovered, by a foreigner, it was taken for granted that the "crowns" must be imported from Germany. But Messrs. Jannock, of Sandringham, were not convinced. They went over to Berlin, studied the process of raising crowns, and without the slightest difficulty established the business. Our climate proves equal to that demand anyhow, and I make no doubt that it would be as accommodating in many other cases if the great journals which everybody reads would give a column from time to time to the methods of culture abroad. It might be translated from the foreign press, indeed. Thus I have relieved my soul, with no hope that the counsel will be followed.

The Universities of both Ireland and Scotland are in advance of England in the facilities offered and the encouragement given to women students. The separate instruction, and the examinations for honours and not for simple pass degrees, which is all that is yet granted at Cambridge, is left far behind in generosity by the provisions now made at Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Dublin. At Edinburgh the women students are this session, for the first time, admitted to a large number of the arts classes in company with the men students—an experiment new here, though long and successfully carried on in America. At St. Andrews the authorities have opened to women the ordinary degrees, and also, what is of more importance still, the bursarships and scholarships by which clever young people whose parents are not well off are aided to acquire higher education. The Royal Irish University has also opened its exhibitions and scholarships to women, and many of these aids to continuing study are gained by young women in open competition. The Royal Irish University has gone furthest of all by making one of its own lady graduates in music an examiner for the musical degree this year.

There is a mistake in the paragraph which the newspapers have printed as to the use in Paris of chrysanthemums for salad. The flowers are not used to make an entire dish, but only employed as a garnish. This purpose they serve admirably. Our tasteful neighbours know the importance of garnishes. Their simplest dishes are generally decorated quite prettily. Calf's head à la vinaigrette, for instance, is garnished in France, whatever the season, with such a well-chosen variety of materials and colours that it is pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate. In Paris the chrysanthemum is used in much the same way; it is put round the edge of the salad-bowl at intervals, on the green substance which forms the actual dish. The petals are first pulled from the centre of the flower, and laid straight in a small sautoir of ready boiling water for a short time. This diminishes the pungency of the flavour without destroying the colour. Then the endive or lettuce is arranged round a shallow glass saladbowl; little heaps of the coloured petals are put on top of the green at frequent intervals after the dressing is finished, and each guest gets a few in taking the helping from the bowl. The taste of them is agreeable, as the French people eat salad—that is to say, as a dish by itself. With meat, one would think, many people would object to the flavour of the flower, which is pungent and peculiar. But housewives should try it for salad alone, as described, it is so novel and pretty. By-the-way, the idea of garnishing with flower petals is not quite new. In many of the old cookery-books marigold petals are ordered to be sprinkled, in company with chopped parsley, over the surface of mutton broth, and rose petals used to be dropped in sparing quantity on syllabub.

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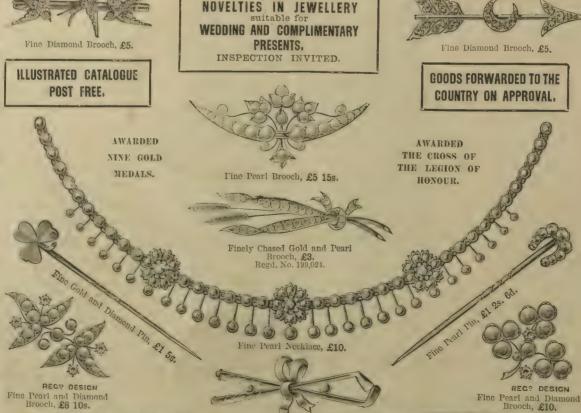
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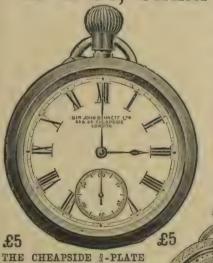
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#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1891) of the Most Noble George Victor Drogo, eighth Duke of Manchester, was proved on Oct. 24 by the Duke of Hamilton and Charles Gervaise Boxall, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The other executor named in the will is testator's mother, Louise, Duchess of Manchester (now Duchess of Devonshire). The testator bequeaths £100 each to Captain Charles William O'Brien and to his faithful servant John Jelly; and his guns and silver cups and plate to his dear son Viscount Mandeville if he attain twenty-one, but if he die Viscount Mandeville if he attain twenty-one, but if he die under that age he directs his guns to be sold and to form part of his residuary estate, and his silver cups and plate to be divided between his daughters, Lady Mary Montagu and Lady Alice Montagu. As to the residue of his estate, both real and personal, including any property over which he has any unexercised power of appointment, he gives, devises, and appoints the same to his executors absolutely and beneficially.

The Irish probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Dec. 13, 1886), with two codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1889, and July 13, 1891), of the Right Hon. George Augustus Chichester May, formerly Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, late of 13, Fitz-william Square, Dublin, who died on Aug. 15, at Lisnavagh, Rathorley, Carlow, to Major Edward Sinclair May, R.A., and George Chichester May, the sons, the executors, was rescaled in London on Oct. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to unwards of £54.000. England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testator gives his plate, pictures, jewellery, collar of SS, £1000, and the real estate in the town of Belfast which he may become entitled to under the will of his cousin Humphrey Frederick May to his son Edward

Sinclair; his law books to his son George Chichester; £2000, upon trust, for his daughter Olivia; and to the representative body of the Church of Ireland £500 to be invested and the body of the Church of Ireland £500 to be invested and the income applied for the benefit of the Church of St. Stephen, Mount Street, Dublin, and £100 to be invested and the income applied for the benefit of St. Mark's Church. Ballysillan, near Belfast. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the real and personal estate comprised in his marriage settlement, he leaves to his children, George Chichester, William Barrington, Francis Henry, Charlotte Phoche, Chichester Gould, Stella Millicent, Elizabeth, and Arthur Algernon, in equal shares. Certain amounts advanced to and settled upon his son Francis Henry are to be brought into hotchpot. his son Francis Henry are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated March 24, 1888), with three codicils (dated May 19 and Sept. 22, 1888, and June 3, 1891), of Thomas Tertins Paget, late of Humberstone, in the county of Leicester, Tertius Paget, late of Humberstone, in the county of Leicester, J.P., D.L., who died on Oct. 16, was proved on or about Nov. 1 by the testator's nephew, Thomas Guy Paget, the Right Hon. John William Mellor, Q.C., M.P., Edwin Clephan, and Walter John New, the executors (to each of whom he bequeaths a legacy of £1000), the personal estate amounting to over £589,000. The testator leaves the banking business carried on at Leicester to his nephew and present partner, Thomas Guy Paget, and his cousin, Thomas Grosvenor Lee, in equal shares, subject to a life interest in one third of the business to his present partner, Mr. Edwin Clephan, to whom he also bequeaths a legacy of £30,000. He leaves £10,000, in trust, for his cousin, Mrs. Edith Lillingstone. Legacies of £6000 each to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Galer; £3000 to his wife's niece, Mrs. May Willis; and £3000 to his cousin Mrs. May Melikian; and other legacies, including legacies to all the

clerks engaged in the bank, and to his domestic servants and others in his employment. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to the said Thomas Guy Paget and Thomas Grosvenor Lee, in equal shares. He devises the opera house in Leicester and the property known as Ansty Frith to Mr. and Mrs. Galer. His residence at Humberstone, with all its contents, and all the residue of his real estate he leaves to his peopley. Thomas Guy Paget nephew, Thomas Guy Paget.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1880) of Mr. George Dixon Longstaff, M.D., late of Butterknowle, Southfields, Wandsworth, who died on Sept. 23, was proved on Oct. 22 by Llewellyn Wood Longstaff and George Blundell Longstaff, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said two sons, in equal shares as tenants in common.

shares as tenants in common.

The will (dated July 14, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 11, 1892), of the Rev. John Wilder, Rector of Sulham and Vice-Provost of Eton College, late of Sulham House, Berks, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Oct. 21 by Frederick Wilder, the nephew, and George Onslow Deane, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testator gives £1500, £500, £5000 stock, all his shares in the Eastern Produce and Estates Company, and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, horses, carriages, and indoor and outdoor effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Hood Wilder; he also gives her an absolute power of disposal over any moneys coming from the Deane family; his share of a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields to his nephew Frederick Wilder, for life, and then to his nephew Henry Beaufoy Wilder; all his shares in the County Fire Office

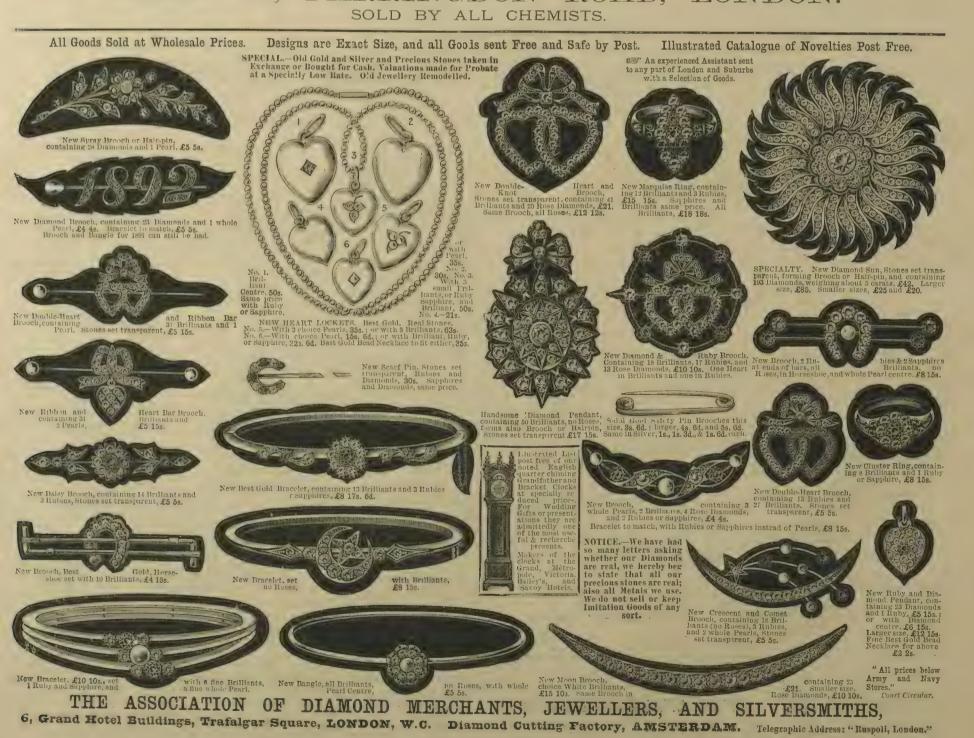
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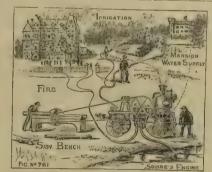
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to the said Frederick Wilder; £10,000 stock to the said Henry Beaufoy Wilder; and £200 to each of his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said two nephews.

residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said two nephews.

The will (dated April 9, 1890), with two codicils (dated Nov. 19, 1891, and May 28, 1892), of Mr. Frederick Vincent Smith, late of 72, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Oct. 20 by Mrs. Mary Jane Smith, the widow, Maurice William Carrington Marklove, and Oliver Trigger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator bequeaths £2500 and all his furniture, plate, jewellery, and effects to his wife; his residence for her use for life, and then as she shall appoint; and legacies to executors and to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Alethea Smith, for life, and the remainder of the income to his wife for life. At his wife's death he further bequeaths £21,000 as she shall by will appoint; £1000 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £500 each to the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, and the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; £8000 between his nephews and nieces—Spencer Smith, John Croft Smith, Clarissa Ann Smith, and Mrs. Harriett Maria Trigger; an additional £2000 to the said Clarissa Ann Smith; and legacies to other of his own and his wife's relatives and others. The to other of his own and his wife's relatives and others. The ultimate residue he gives to his said four nephews and nieces; and he declares that the provision made for his wife is in addition to that made for her by their marriage settlement and by a postnuptial settlement.

The will (dated May 26, 1879), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1887), of Mr. Stephen Plummer, formerly of Canterbury, and

late of 23, Hanover Square, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Oct. 11 by Edward Plummer and Charles Plummer, the brothers, and John Plummer, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator gives legacies to his sisters, nephews, nieces, his executor Mr. John Plummer, and to his housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two brothers, Edward and Charles, in equal shares.

brothers, Edward and Charles, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1890), with a codicil (dated July 18, 1892), of Mr. John Churchill, late of Hall Croft, Gosforth, Cumberland, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Oct. 6 by Thomas Francis l'Anson, M.D., and John Raven Musgrave, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500, to be invested, and the income applied as an increase to the stipend of the rector of the parish church of Gosforth; £50 towards the rebuilding or enlargement of Gosforth; £50 towards the rebuilding or enlargement of Gosforth parish church; £50 for the St. Cuthbert's Church Building Fund, Seascale; £20 to the Middlesex Hospital, London, for the cancer wards; £21 to the Whitehaven and West Cumberland Infirmary; £20 to the Cumberland County Council for the County Industrial school at Gockermouth; £20 to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society of Cumberland for the relief of prisoners discharged from the jail at Carlisle; £50 for a memorial window to himself at Gosforth parish church, the subject to be the Good Samaritan; £200 per annum and his household goods and furniture to his friend and secretary, Miss Maria Fairey, for life; and legacies to his executors, servants and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to the said Thomas Francis l'Anson. Hall Croft and all other his real estate he leaves to the said Maria Fairey, for other his real estate he leaves to the said Maria Fairey, for

life, and then settles the same upon the said Thomas Francis I'Anson.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1890), with a codicil (dated March 12, 1892), of Mr. Charles Turner, late of Womersley House, Stroud Green, who died on June 17, was proved on Oct. 4 by Mrs. Mary Ann Halsey, the daughter, Alfred Thomas Tubbs, and Edwin West, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his household furniture and effects to be used. The personal estate amounting the supervisor of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. bequeaths £100 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife Mrs. Dinah. Turner, and legacies to his executors and a late servant. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £50 per annum each to two granddaughters during the lives of his wife and daughter, and the remainder of the income equally between his wife and his daughter, Mrs. Halsey, with benefit of survivorship. On the death of the survivor, there are specific gifts of various freehold and leasehold properties to each of his five grandchildren, and the ultimate residue is to be equally divided between all the children. mate residue is to be equally divided between all the children of his said daughter.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, on Saturday, Oct. 29, presented the prizes to students of the Guildhall School of Music, on the Thames Embankment.

The money voted by the Senate of Hamburg for expenses during the cholera visitation in that city amounts to 1,080,000 marks, or £84,000, besides which more than 2,700,000 marks were contributed by other public bodies, various societies, and private persons; but much is still needed for the relief of

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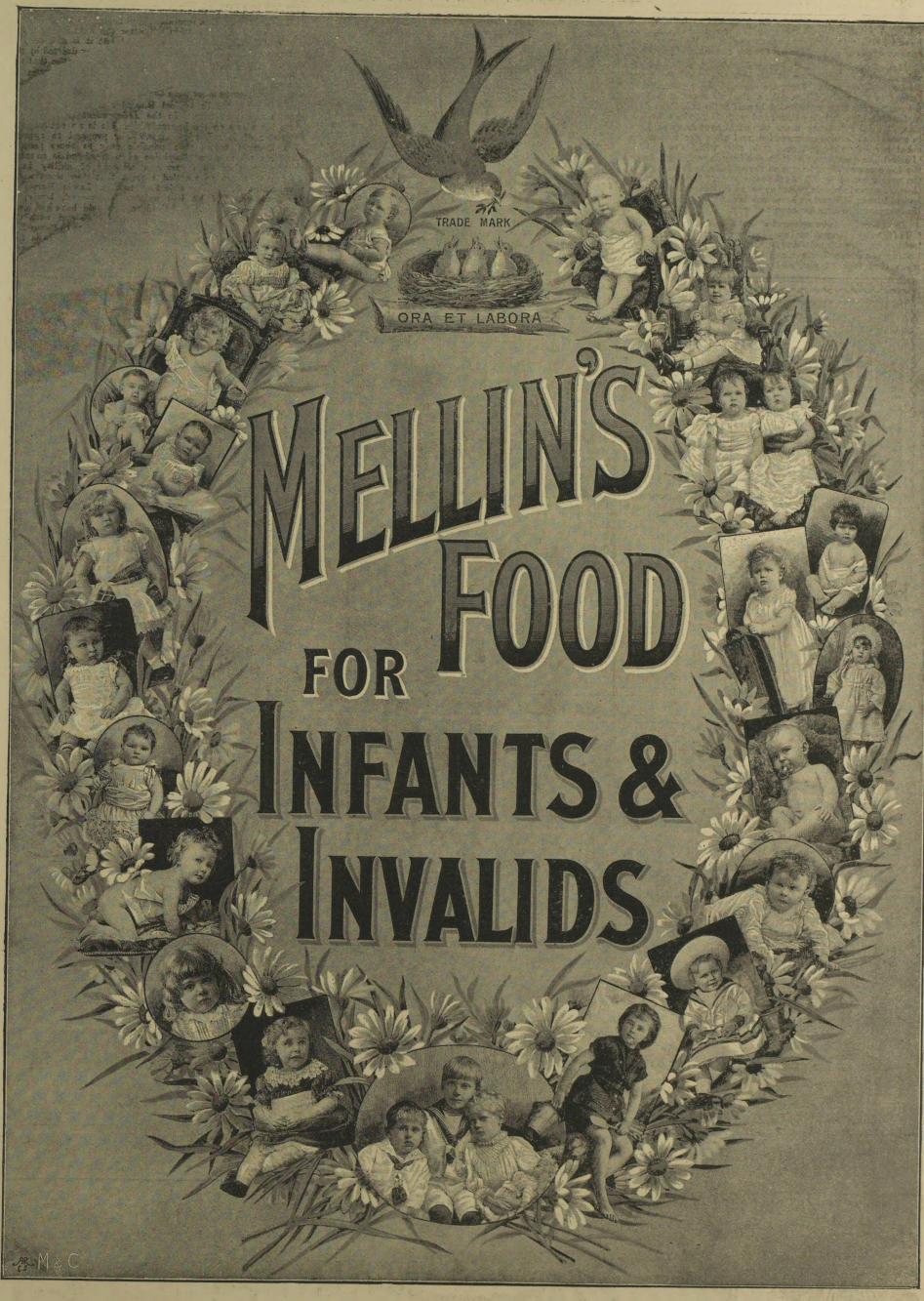
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#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Twells, whose paper on preaching had so indifferent a reception at the Church Congress, is the author of the well-known hymn "At even, ere the sun was set." He has written another hymn of no small merit for the Church Monthly.

Mrs. Josephine Butler has written in an interesting volume some reminiscences of her husband, the late Canon Butler, of Winchester. There are some pleasant glimpses of Oxford in the early fifties. Mrs. Butler's sister, a girl of fifteen, "at one time constituted herself whip in a light dog-cart with a high-stepping horse, and with Mr. Jowett by her side. We did not fancy those two could have many subjects in common to furnish conversation, and after our return we asked her how they got on. 'Oh, very well,' she replied. 'I asked him questions, and if he was long in replying I drove the dog-cart over some bumps on the roadside, and this joggled the answer out of him.'" At the same party, "George Joachim Goschen came lumbering after us on an immense horse which he had hired. His seat on horseback is not very graceful. . . . . He is a genius in a moderate sort of way." He is a genius in a moderate sort of way."

Dean Stanley, as he appeared at that time, is thus described : "He [Stanley] is a good and excellent man, not at all imposing-looking, small, with pale-blue eyes, which seem to be always looking at a distant horizon, and do not seem to see you even when they look at you, and an innocent mouth with an

infantine expression of purity. He is cheerful, fond of society, and often quite merry; he has a quiet voice; he is most earnest and interesting when talking of anything he has at heart. He is absolutely indifferent to what kind of food he eats, with one exception—he loves buttered tea-cake."

Mr. Rossetti, who was then preparing his book on Dante and his circle, sent to Mr. and Mrs. Butler for criticism some of his translations of the exquisite sonnets of Dante, the English of which he was anxious to make as perfect as possible.

Here is a pretty glimpse—the reference is to Miss Zoë Skene, who became the wife of the late Archbishop Thomson, of York: "I went into St. John's Gardens and sat there till 9 p.m. It was nearly dark, and I enjoyed wandering through the trees. . . . By-and-bye I heard voices, and suddenly came upon Zoë and her bridesmaids, resting and cooling themselves in the evening air. It was a pretty sight. Zoë came forward and asked me to bring little Georgie to her wedding the next day, as Mr. Thomson wished him to be his best man." day, as Mr. Thomson wished him to be his best man.

The signs are that we shall soon be in the heat of a battle about disestablishment. At the diocesan conferences the subject has received great attention. Bishop Moorhouse thinks that disendowment is a more serious evil than disestablishment, though, of course, he is opposed to both. Bishop Ryle threatens that no defence will be offered to a semi-Popish controversy. The speech of Mr. T. E. Ellis, who expressed his

confidence in the steps the Government might take, is, however confidence in the steps the Government might take, is, however, regarded as a proof that some at least of the Welsh Liberals will be content with a resolution or Suspensory Bill, and will postpone the main question till after the next election. In Scotland the Disestablishers are quiet, but it is said on fair authority that a Disestablishment Bill is being drafted by the law officers of the Crown. It is seen by both parties that the result depends on the next election. If a Unionist majority or a small Liberal majority gain the day, the question will not become practical sconer than the end of the century.

Matthew Arnold's typical Dissenter is a real personage.

Matthew Arnold's typical Dissenter is a real personage, though now very rare. In the Independent this week he gives his views on the Laureateship. He is an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Lewis Morris. The proposal to appoint Miss Rossetti would "be possible only to those pseudo-Cavaliers whose general opinion of womanhood is so mean that when they do discover a measure of ability in a woman they are so startled thereat that they must needs rave about it." The objection to Mr. Lewis Morris is his goodness. "If he had written heavy-eyed, lascivious sonnets, vinous rondels, and the like, he would have had more vogue with the members of the S—— Club and with the young literary bloods who take their literary ease in Pompeiian chambers and write their criticisms after dining." It is fair to explain that the Independent, known as a scholarly and cultured journal, recently changed hands. cultured journal, recently changed hands.



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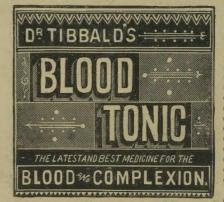
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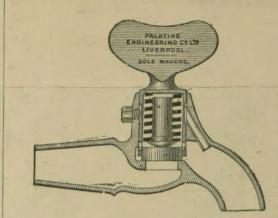


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